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*BY GEORGE W. HERALD*

JUNE 1942

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# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER 222

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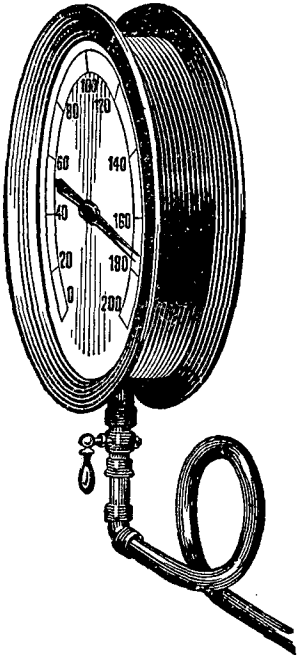

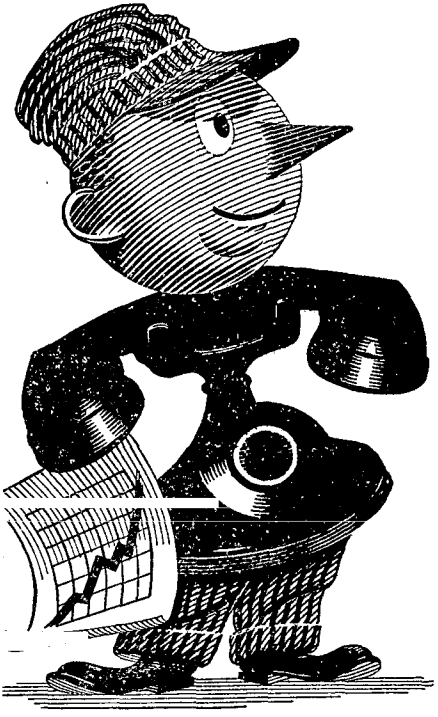

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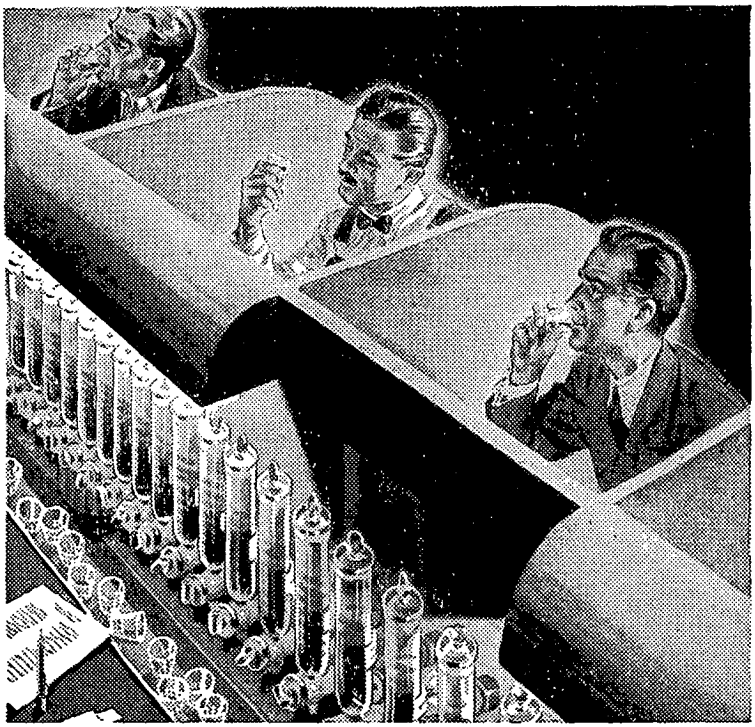

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VOLUME LIV JUNE, 1942 NUMBER 222

*The American*
MERCURY

# THE DANGEROUS STRUGGLE IN OUR WAR COMMAND

By Colonel Hugh J. Knerr

Defeats like the one we suffered at Pearl Harbor can never be excused, but they can be turned to advantage if they result in a complete elimination of an outmoded defense system, a reorientation of military strategy, and a sudden, complete realization of the new problems which new weapons have created. Therefore, since the Pearl Harbor débâcle, we who have fought so long for a powerful, unfettered air force and a unified command have been searching hopefully for evidence that the grim sacrifice on December 7th will not have been in vain.

Pearl Harbor was a national dis-

Colonel Hugh J. Knerr is exceptionally well qualified to discuss military problems, having served in both the Army and the Navy. But he has been particularly close to problems involving the use of modern air power. As Chief of Staff of the Headquarters Air Force from 1935 to 1938, he fought for the development of the heavy long-range bomber. Bombardment aviation has been his specialty since 1928. At fifty-three, Colonel Knerr was retired in 1939 for reasons of health. He continued his work in behalf of true air power after leaving the Army. Since the start of World War II, he has flown to England and to South America, and only recently, he returned from a flight to the Panama Canal Zone.

He has written this article in the conviction that correction of the critical situation which he reveals will be hastened by an informed public opinion. It is in this spirit that The Editors present his article.



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grace. The Roberts Report, and the future trials of Admiral Kimmel and General Short, will establish it as a bloody monument to divided responsibility, to jealousies between our armed forces, and to the inability of old, regimented minds to conceive of the potential power of the airplane. Too much has been said about the surprise element involved — too little about the causes of the surprise.

Pearl Harbor was a national tragedy. The flaming, dying *Arizona* and the brown, upturned bottoms of the *Oklahoma* and the *Utah* formed one of its horrible aspects. Three thousand graves on a hill in Oahu formed another. Unrelieved men dying in the foxholes of Bataan formed a third. But the most tragic aspect of the Pearl Harbor disaster lies in the indication that some of the men in charge of our war effort have learned little or nothing from it. There is evidence that the same vicious division of responsibility, the same intense struggle for command, and the same undervaluation of the airplane are still in existence around vital American defense areas.

This is no time to be charitable with inefficiency and outmoded military procedures, or to hesitate in the placing of blame. I am convinced that much of the blame for the persistence of a dangerous condition in critical defense areas must be shouldered by a small number of men who compose our Navy Command. I am not questioning the motives of these Navy leaders. I have known most of them for many years and can testify that they are brave, patriotic and able Americans. But I believe that Navy leaders are allowing their own entirely human eagerness to preserve "Navy prestige" to interfere with the most efficient prosecution of the war effort. They mean well, yet their attempt to keep a tight grip on command is contributing to confusion, divided authority and postponement of the really modern military set-up necessary at the present stage of war development.

Let's examine the evidence. Naturally, I shall have to confine myself to what has appeared in print or is quite generally known. I shall limit myself to an analysis of facts which are on the surface, but the implications of which are not generally grasped.

After the Alphonse-Gaston disaster at Pearl Harbor, much was made of the announcement that airmen — men who believed in air power enough in the past to try to learn how to use it — would be given the responsibility of unified

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commands in some of the vital areas. Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, a brilliant airman, was placed in command at Pearl Harbor; and Lieutenant General Frank M. Andrews, who is perhaps our ablest exponent of air power, was given "full responsibility" for the defense of the Panama Canal. It was stated explicitly that all air, ground and naval forces would be under the command of these men, and that in the event of an attack, they would be held strictly accountable for the outcome. The public was given to understand that the same principle of single and responsible authority would be applied in all important strategic regions.

What are the actualities? For the purpose of this article, it will suffice to examine in detail the conditions now existing around only one of the vital areas. Since the Panama Canal is perhaps the most important of the sectors involved, I shall examine it as an example of the general condition to which I want to draw attention.

## II

The announcement that General Andrews had been given "full responsibility" for the defense of the Canal Zone made sense to me, both because I have been a partisan in the fight for air power and because of my high personal and professional regard for General Andrews. I was his Chief of Staff in the crucial pre-war years from 1935 to 1938, when he was commanding general of the Headquarters Air Force of the United States Army. But I believe that the announcement also made sense to most civilian Americans. We all appreciate efficiency. If there is an important job to be done, we like to pick out the best man we've got and turn the job over to him. Then if the job isn't done, we know where to place the blame.

For purely tactical reasons, moreover, it was wise to give "full responsibility" at the Canal to an airman. Since the Canal is likely to be attacked only by carrier-borne aircraft, its defense is essentially a problem for a commander conscious of the capacities of air power and equipped, mentally and by training, to use the techniques of air power. It is an area of relatively narrow waters, with plenty of excellent locations for air bases. Proper air and sea reconnaissance can spot a carrier before it gets close enough to launch its light bombers and heavy bombers can blast it out of the water just as the Japanese blasted the *Hermes* and the *Langley*.

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General Andrews has long fought for the development of the heavy bomber and is a master in its use. When he took over at the Canal, he had only to put into effect defense plans which he had worked out years ago.

Thus, I believe that the giving of "full responsibility" to an airman at the Canal received almost universal approval in our country. I say *almost* because there was one organization to which the announcement brought no comfort. I refer to the United States Navy. You see, the average sixty-year-old admiral contemplates the tortures of hell a lot more cheerfully than he contemplates being commanded by an Army general. When the Army general happens to be a man who has persistently championed long-range air power, the prospect is virtually unbearable.

For it is a matter of record and not simply my opinion that the Navy opposed the development of the Army's long-range aviation down to the very day before Pearl Harbor. The old guard in the Army, too, has been none too receptive to modern air-power ideas. Yet there has been a partial revolution in the Army during the last few years and air power has thrown off some of its Army shackles. But thus far, the conservative, backward-looking element in the Navy is still at the helm and disinclined to yield.

To put it frankly, the Navy Command resented the giving of "full responsibility" to General Andrews at the Canal. No doubt many naval men felt honestly that it was a mistake to disturb the old order by transferring top authority from the Navy to the air. So what happened?

The men who compose the Navy Command went to work. They have powerful, well-meaning friends. The former Naval Secretary who is our President, understanding sea-power ideas by reason of his own training, perhaps has a natural tendency to favor the Navy. The steel executives who built battleships but not airplanes are honest friends of the Navy. In any case, a few weeks after the announcement of "full responsibility" for General Andrews, it was apparently decided that he had been given too much of it. The Navy began trimming his wings. And here is how it was done.

The area around the Windward Islands, extending from Puerto Rico to Trinidad, is vital to the defense of the Canal. It is through this area that a carrier, sneaking up from the Atlantic side, would have to pass in the daylight in order to get close enough during a night's run to at-

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tack the Canal at dawn. Obviously, this is the area that anyone responsible for the defense of the Canal would like *to know* is patrolled most carefully — but General Andrews at this writing has no authority to direct the patrolling. The Navy has taken the command of "operations" in the Windward Islands away from him and has given it to the Naval District Commander.

The Navy has left General Andrews the "administrative" responsibility in this sector, but "operations" are under the command of the district admiral. General Andrews supplies the heavy bombers which he knows so well how to use, but they can't leave the ground at certain bases until directed to do so by an admiral who shares the Navy sentiment that "Army aviation should stop at the shore line."

Granted that the Navy command can be as efficient as air command in this area, we still have the old division of responsibility and the old tussle for command that in large part led to the Pearl Harbor tragedy. If the Canal is wrecked to-morrow, whom should we hold accountable? General Andrews, who is in command at the Canal itself and who has "administrative" responsibility in the Windward Islands? Or the Navy command, which controls "operations" in the area through which the enemy carrier must sneak if it comes from the East?

The situation on the Pacific side of the Canal is equally interesting. That's the side from which the Japanese, with their many carriers and their reckless daring, will come sneaking when they are ready to attack. Surely, in this most dangerous of spots, the "supreme commander" could expect the fullest cooperation and obedience from all the elements of his command. But as one who has been to the Panama Canal and who knows it well, I declare that such has not been the case; the Navy has at times even refused to give General Andrews information essential for his defensive plans.

If the bomber pilots at the Canal do not know the full facts about disposition of our fleet units, what are they to do when they spot a carrier on the horizon in the half-light of dawn? Are they to presume that it is friendly, as was done at Pearl Harbor? Are they to wait half an hour while they investigate? A carrier can throw its planes into the air in a very few minutes. Or are they to presume that it is an enemy and bomb it?

Despite this condition, I believe the Axis will fail if it tries to blitz the Canal. Yet the condition is un-

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wholesome. It is a symptom of the dangerous struggle for our war command now under way, with the Navy jockeying for position.

## III

What is happening at the Canal is happening in other vital arenas where American forces are employed. It is happening in Washington, where the constant contest for command is wasting energy that should be directed against our enemies.

Every American must have been disappointed and confused by the pulling and hauling over the command in the Southwest Pacific. When General MacArthur arrived in Australia, it was announced that he had been given "supreme command" of the entire effort in the Southwest Pacific. Our Number One field soldier had been given "full responsibility" for the prosecution of the war in the whole Australian sector.

But General MacArthur is an old soldier not easily satisfied with announcements. He demanded to be shown in writing that he was truly in "supreme command." What happened then has been spread in newspaper columns. While admirals and politicians jockeyed behind the scenes, General MacArthur waited for clarification. To get action, he was finally obliged to dispute Washington "announcements" publicly from his own headquarters.

Who was it that didn't want General MacArthur to have genuine over-all command in the entire sector? We have a hint of the answer in the fact that the "New Zealand sector" has been taken away from MacArthur—and placed under Navy command. Competent strategists agree that if Japan strikes at Australia she is likely to strike first at New Zealand, because New Zealand sits on the right flank of Australia. By taking New Zealand, the Japs could sever the present American supply line to that continent. Any layman can see on the map that New Zealand is a natural outpost of Australia and hence an intrinsic part of that defense area.

And so General MacArthur is now in approximately the same position as General Andrews. He has "supreme command" and "full responsibility," but actually is dependent on a naval man who doesn't take orders from him in a vital portion of his area. The naval commander in the New Zealand sector takes his orders from Admiral Nimitz, who is sitting in Pearl Harbor four thousand miles away.

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At Pearl Harbor itself, there is a three-way split in command between Admiral Nimitz, the Navy district commander, and the Army airman, General Emmons. Our own East Coast and West Coast commands are likewise divided and there has been repeated misunderstanding in the Newfoundland-Iceland area. The pulling and hauling — the struggle for command — goes on unceasingly.

To understand how this situation comes about, you must understand the natural conflicting elements within our armed forces, and the effect which the development of a new weapon — the air weapon — has on these elements. There has always been jealousy between the Army and the Navy, but until the emergence of long-range aviation, the two fields of action were naturally defined and there was little overlapping. The Army served on the land. The Navy served on the sea. Air power opened up a region of military service, the air, which cut athwart that division and created problems of authority, prestige and command.

Until three years ago, the accepted conception of air power in Washington was that Army aviation should be designed to help armies advance, and that Navy aviation should serve as an auxiliary of the fleet. But this war has proved that, while armies and navies need their specialized aviation, the operations of air power cannot be restricted to cooperative functions with an army or a navy. It has become clear that far-ranging, land-based bombing planes can operate successfully in most sections of the world without the support of either an army or a navy. The old division of spheres between Army and Navy was upset by the new fact that air power can and does operate alone — that it is the only service which can operate alone. Its strategy and tactics are not affected by the land and water divisions down below.

Until a year or so ago, the old guards in the United States Army and Navy alike refused to recognize this primary and independent function of aviation. But events move fast, and by this time the battle has been practically won. Except for a few old diehards, both Army and Navy now recognize the independent strategic role of air power, over and above its cooperative role with land and sea forces.

The "struggle for command" which is gumming up our defenses is therefore becoming a struggle to decide whether the Army or the Navy shall control air power in its primary independent function as a

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direct strategic instrument of national policy. Obviously, the Army should control cooperative army aviation and the Navy should control naval aviation. But who should control the big bombing planes that fly five thousand miles — that tomorrow will fly ten thousand miles — across land *and* sea?

The Navy contention that it must command "all aviation which flies over water" is ridiculous on the face of it. Within the very near future, there will be no spot on earth which can't be menaced by long-range aviation. The long-range bombing plane will render the aircraft carrier obsolete. Air power has already become the primary striking force. Air power must blaze the trails from now on, while sea power is more and more restricted in its functions. In an understandable desire to retain its traditional position of leadership, the Navy therefore reaches out for command of the new service. Understandable, yes, but dangerous and wholly unjustified.

We who have fought for a separate air force in the United States have never wanted to deprive either the Army or the Navy of their own air forces for auxiliary purposes. But we have argued for a free and separate air force that could develop the aircraft, the principles and the men for its primary function. We foresaw the struggle for command that is now raging under the surface of events. We believed that the only way to prevent that struggle and to develop air power to full effectiveness was to make it independent of this bureaucratic tug-of-war by establishing a separate and autonomous air force.

The Navy has opposed the big, land-based bomber up to the last ditch. That opposition has been removed by the war experience. So today, the Navy is fighting a fierce fight, not against long-range bombardment but to get control of it! I am opposed to this, as is every partisan of genuine air power, not because I doubt the good faith of Navy men, but because the arrangement would be fatal to our aerial strength. Men who have spent their lives fighting heavy aviation *cannot* know how to use heavy aviation. An organization geared in the first place for action on sea *cannot* exploit the full possibilities of action in the air.

I believe that before we can attain maximum effectiveness in our war effort, we must have an independent air command to control and employ aviation in its primary role. And then we must have *unified* commands over all the

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services and on all fronts. Whether the one man who gives orders to all weapons in any sector is an infantry general, an air general or an admiral depends on the strategic picture.

The struggle for command, it should be clear as a common-sense proposition, must be ended. As an American who wants to see this war won and won quickly, I propose the following as the simple solution of this dangerous struggle:

1. Lay out definite theaters of operation in which our forces are likely to operate in the near future.

2. Give absolute authority in the fullest military sense to one man in each theater, with unequivocal control of every branch of armed and unarmed forces.

3. Let Congress authorize the organization at the earliest possible date of a Department of National Defense, with sub-sections for Army, Navy, Air Force and War Industry.

Only thus can we dissolve the ambiguities of the conditions evident in the Panama sector, and nearly everywhere else. Only thus, in addition, can we assure the intelligent and unimpeded development of air power by men who understand its potentialities. Only thus can we assure the war's favorable conclusion and our own future security on land, at sea and in the air.

*"It's the new outfit from Boston, Sir."*

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# SEX IS A NAZI WEAPON

By George W. Herald

¶ We'll do better to speculate on the vices of men than on their virtues. . . . Providing sexual gratification must be one of the main devices of our propaganda. . . . I shall not spoil the fun for any of my lads. If I demand the supreme effort from them, I must also give them the right to carouse as they please, not as it suits a lot of church-going old women. — Adolf Hitler, as quoted by Dr. Hermann Rauschning

¶ There will come a time when the young German will be the most desired male all over Europe. He will make the women shiveringly submissive wherever he appears. Radiant, tall and vigorous, he will conquer and embrace them. There will be no sin in it when the foreign women yield to him. They will merely help to procreate men of his kind, of the strong Nordic race which nations need for their life even as people need air to breathe.
— Dr. Hans Endres in *Race, Marriage, Breeding*, published in Heidelberg, 1939

¶ Intercourse with Dutch girls should not be considered by the [German] soldier as merely a physical function. Every soldier should be conscious at every moment that he is a representative of the Führer, and should try to awaken an understanding of our aims in his companion.
— From instructions for Holland issued by the *Rassenpolitisches Amt*, Berlin, September 15, 1941

The difficulty in writing an article such as this is that the truth at many points appears too abnormal, too shocking, to be received with credence by people unprepared for it. No matter how soberly I set them down, the facts may be discounted by some readers as "atrocity propaganda." That is why I have prefaced the article with a few typical citations from Nazi spokesmen. To anyone familiar with Nazi ideological literature, especially in the field of pseudo-scientific racial and eugenic fantasies, the actualities of sexual terror in the conquered countries seem not only credible but inevitable.

All through history, armies have regarded the women of conquered regions as legitimate prizes for the victors. But in Hitlerized Europe today, for the first time in history, the process is being organized and



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onsciously directed as a method of onquest. It is being embellished ith the fake-scientific gibberish of crusade for race improvement.

For the Nazi legions quartered in ccupied areas, the restraints of ioral ideas and religious teachings iave not merely been relaxed. They iave been outlawed. Excesses, the legradation of women, are being overed with undigested nonsense ' out "pagan freedom" from "bourgeois ethics" and "Christian inhibitions." Writing of Christian morality, Dr. Hans Endres, a Nazi leader of the paganization movement, declared that Germany's survival depends "on whether we will be able to break in time the chains of this doctrine, so deadly to our kind and race." Today, in most of Europe, those "chains" are being broken by unleashing erotic appetites — not haphazardly, but in cold blood, under the direction of Hitler's *Rassenpolitisches Amt*, his Office for Racial Policy, of the National Socialist Party.

The head of this Office, Professor Dr. Walther Gross, formulated the Nazi policies of sexual conquest clearly enough recently in the October, 1941, issue of his official publication, *Race, a Monthly of Nordic Thought*, under the title "Birth Policies in the Occupied Countries." He wrote:

> In examining why the great empires of Europe have fallen into decline, we can always observe that they perished because they ran dry of the blood of the creative — the Nordic — race. . . . Our victory will be complete and enduring only if there grow up in the next decades among our neighbors enough men who are bound to the New Order by blood. To guarantee this is at this time the most important task of the Office for Racial Policy of the National Socialist Party.

There, in essence, is a phase of the Hitler revolution of nihilism.

Everywhere the sexual weapon is being used deliberately to destroy some races, to "Nordify" and "Aryanize" others. Among the victims of this strategy, there are a few people willing to throw off the laws of decency. But the great majority of the conquered are coerced and terrorized, while the youth, especially in the "Nordic" Scandinavian lands, is bribed and propagandized into the New Order of sex attitudes.

"A violent, active, dominating, brutal youth — that is what I am after," the Führer is quoted as saying by his one-time associate, Dr. Rauschning. "I want to see once more in it the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey." Many psychiatrists have tried to explain Hitler's own career by the abnormality of his sex life. There is impressive support for the theory that the whole Nazi movement

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arose in large measure out of the sexual frustrations of some groups in the German population. Certainly, distorted personalities have been prominent among the leaders of the movement and orgiastic "paganism" has been encouraged among the Nazi youth. A telltale hatred for the morality of the Western Christian world runs through the writings of Nazi leaders.

It is against this background that the information and documents on Nazi sex terror, extreme as they must sound to a normal human mind, begin to make sense. Brutal Nazi excesses against Jews, justified on the basis of a phony racial science, are easily recognizable as a species of sadism. In the same way, Nazi sexual excesses in occupied countries, explained officially in terms of "Nordic eugenics," are clearly a species of moral perversion. The story of the Nazi aberration will have to be told, after its final eradication, not only by historians but by psychiatrists.

## II

The Office for Racial Policy has divided Europe into three sections for the task of transforming the sex life of the conquered continent: Nordic, Latin and Slav.

In the Slav area, the policy is entirely negative. Its aim is to arrest the fecundity of the Poles, Czechs Serbs, Russians and other Slavic peoples and in large measure to exterminate them altogether. In the official article in *Race*, already quoted, Professor Gross sums up the "problem" in these words:

> The most tragic chapter in our European population politics is provided by the Poles and the Czechs. These two stupid racial streams have always been a plague for Europe. . . . In the Europe of tomorrow they have therefore forfeited the right to self-rule and must be thankful if they are given the opportunity to preserve their lives through common labor. The same applies to the Serbs.
>
> Every increase through births among these parasite peoples would therefore be contrary to the general interest. We have therefore adopted radical measures to limit their new births to a minimum.

The outside world has some inkling of the nature of these measures despite the rigid censorships which blanket Slav areas. German soldiers are free to abuse Slav women, but these women are not allowed to bear children, either for their own men or for the invaders. In Poland no child may be born without a permit from the Nazi Government-General, even if the father is a so-called Nordic. Slav blood is considered as beyond redemption. Permission to bear children is refused by the authorities in the va-

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najority of cases. The law pre-cribes abortion and those who fail o obey are punished. Great num-ers of Slav men have been sepa-ated from their wives as a method f enforcing race suicide, with dis-ase, malnutrition and psychic dis-ocations counted upon to hasten he racial destruction. Officially ponsored brothels for the armies of ccupation in Poland, Yugoslavia nd in the Czech regions aim to 'deprive" the Slavs of the "boon" f Germanic "purification."

An exception has recently been nade for girls in some districts of 'oland, such as the Tatras moun-ain region. The Nazis have ar-itrarily declared them *volksdeutsch* — German folk — and have put nany of them in a "breeding camp or the improvement of the Nordic ace" at Helenow, near Lodz, here they are forced to live to-ether with German boys.

Hungarians and Slovaks, who are egarded, in the words of Professor Gross, as *rassisch entwicklungsfähige Völker* — peoples racially capable of development — serve as guinea pigs for similar experiments. In greement with subservient gov-rnments, large contingents of Scandinavian girls have been sent o Hungary and Slovakia and "have ntered into relations with citizens of those countries." Similar groups of females from the North "have also been planted in Vienna." In return, some groups of Viennese and Hungarian girls have been transplanted to the North. The head of the Office for Racial Policy adds:

> The results of these efforts naturally are not yet available, but they provide proof that in our striving to create better races we do not shrink from radical innovations.

## III

The Nazi conquerors have introduced the entire nightmare of German racial legislation in the territories under their authority. They also use all the pressures of propaganda and threats for the systematic dissemination of "Aryan sex ideals" through schools, universities, clubs and other institutions. But their principal job is to enlarge by all means the number of actual Nordics in their respective domains.

The ideas of free sexual association, provided the men involved are properly Nordic, are spread in every way possible. Despite the scientific sounding verbiage, much of this propaganda resolves simply into "arty" pornography. Last year, I saw two Nazi propaganda pictures in Marseilles, *Jew Suess* and *The Flight of Mr. Patterson. Jew*

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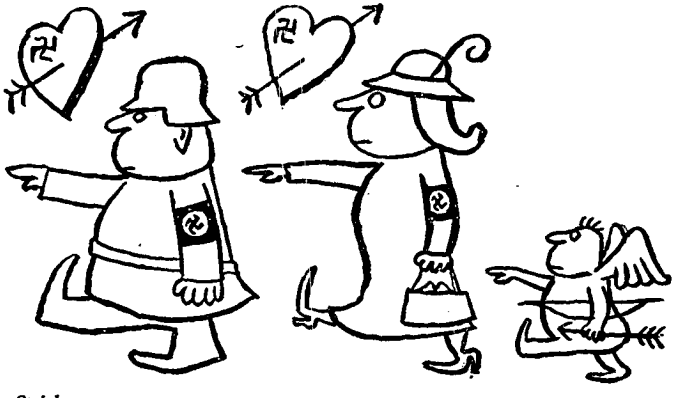
*Suess*, of course, was an anti-Semitic tract. The story centered on the rape of an Aryan girl in her bedroom and was presented with shocking realistic detail in the best Streicher manner. The other was a comedy featuring Hans Albers, a favorite German star. He played the role of a Swedish industrialist taking a holiday amidst nude young bathing beauties, photographed from very frank angles.

But this sort of thing was mild compared with a special type of sex propaganda film on which I can testify from personal knowledge. In Monte Carlo, last summer, I was struck not merely by the large number of German tourists in the resorts, but by the conspicuous abundance of pretty girls from the occupied countries. On questioning servants in my hotel, I learned that these girls were "actresses" playing bit parts in so-called "educational" pictures being filmed by the Nazis in Monaco. With the aid of a few hundred francs, I obtained a pass for a private showing of such films and one Tuesday night, I saw a preview of the latest productions on a beautiful estate at La Condamine.

Aside from those who had paid their way in, like myself, the large audience consisted of high-ranking Nazi officials, military and civilian and a batch of their satellites from Italy, France, Hungary, Belgium and Denmark. A representative of the Reichs-Film-Chamber Helmuth Gerdes, welcomed the guests and introduced Arthur Rabenalt, director of the two pictures we were about to see.

The first was called *Olympic Postlude*. Presumably set in classic



Steinberg

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Greece, it showed a crowd of adolescent boys and girls who, after a day of rhythmic exertions in the stadium, relaxed in a kind of Dionysian garden party. If you have ever seen pornographic magazines disguised as art, you have a general idea of the picture. The other film, called *Summer Sunday*, was in the same manner. It drew the contrast between an old-fashioned Sunday in a bourgeois home and the outdoor joys, mostly in the nude, of emancipated young Nazis camping somewhere on a limpid lake. Both pictures ran over half an hour and were exceedingly well photographed. In both, the emphasis was on beautiful bodies disposed in a pagan delirium that deliberately confused physical health and carnal excitement.

After the showing, Dr. Endres, the Heidelberg race expert whose words are at the head of this article, offered some explanations. "These pictures," he told us, "aim to propagate a new way of life in Europe. Our own education has been totally wrong, unnatural and inhuman. We have been raised in criminal bigotry, because the Oriental Christian mentality has suppressed our healthy Germanic instincts in sexual matters. Our younger generations, especially those of Germanic blood, must learn again to follow spontaneously the laws of mutual attraction without waiting for sanction by the Church or the State. They must become proud of their bodies and enjoy the natural pleasures of sex without being ashamed. This is the only way to increase our Nordic population and to bring about a renaissance of Europe!"

I learned that fifteen films of this type had already been made and thirty more were scheduled. The first productions were designed especially for military consumption: to raise the "morale" of German soldiers throughout Europe. Other productions were for the civil populations in the conquered lands of Western and Northern Europe. The presentations, I was told, were being made to private circles, such as youth associations and sport clubs. I have specific information that such "educational" pictures were exhibited, for instance, at Lille-Roubaix in occupied France, in Brugge (Belgium), in Hilversum and Leyden (Holland) and in Copenhagen. At Hilversum, a number of Catholic students present created a scene by protesting and have been exiled to German labor camps.

## IV

The Nordic Section of the Racial Office, comprising Scandinavia and

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the Low Countries, is headed by Dr. Karin Magnussen, a Swedish-born biologist from Bremen. In Denmark and Norway, Hitler's propagandists boast of their "old blood ties" and are astonished by the refusal of the women to cooperate. There is a sour note in Professor Gross's admission that "National Socialist *Weltanschauung* meets stubborn opposition precisely in Norway." He consoles himself with the comment that this "stubbornness" is, after all, a fine Nordic quality which "pleases us better than the elegant swing with which certain Frenchmen have changed their attitude towards us from one day to the next." He adds:

> The Norwegian, this blond dreamer, must have time to test the new values and think things out. We have enough insight to give him this time. In the meantime we have taken all measures to raise the birth figures in Scandinavia. Naturally we hail especially the married or free union between Germans and Scandinavian women, but we are no less joyous over every pure Danish or Scandinavian child brought into the world. We cannot have too many of these sons of Wotan, to whom will ultimately fall a large role in leading the new Europe.

The conquerors in these countries have made the social life of Scandinavian youth their special domain. Every tennis or hiking club, every boy or girl scouts group, has been placed under Naz control. Young people are receiv ing a brand-new sex education. Thc Nazis have built a mystical ideol ogy around nudism. "The Nordic sun-race can conserve its vigor anc beauty only by returning to na ture," a Reich sports leader, Han Surén, wrote in the *Deutsche Lei beszucht* for July, 1941. "Togethe with his clothes, the healthy Ger man throws off the chains of capi talist-bolshevik civilization anc again becomes as pure and as mag nificent as his Viking ancestors!"

Nudism, of course, has had vota ries in the Scandinavian countrie in the past, but in a wholesome fashion, without the racial hocus pocus imposed by the Nazi apostle The movement used to be wholly voluntary and barred strictly any erotic connotation. Under Naz control, it is being forced on the entire youth and is given, quite openly, a sexual meaning. The Ger mans and their local creatures use it without concealment as a short cut to "free unions" and a highe "Nordic birth rate."

From wholly trustworthy source I have obtained a detailed descrip tion of the solstice night celebratec in a camp near Odense, Denmark on September 23, 1941. Hundred of boys and girls from sixteen tc

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·wenty-five took part in this pagan festival, which began with sport contests in the afternoon and reached a climax at midnight in naked dancing around a blazing campfire under the skies. As "prizes" for the earlier sports events, the boy and girl winners were paired off and conducted into private tents for the night.

The Norwegian clergy has had the courage to challenge the Nazi attempts to dominate youth. One Sunday last March, all ministers except the handful who have yielded to Quisling read a statement condemning the Nazi government's youth activities.

Despite heroic resistance by Catholics and Calvinists, the Nazi invaders pursue their program of systematic sexual infiltration of the Netherlands. "We have carried sexual enlightenment through the schools of this all too Calvinistic country," the *Race* summary declares, "and have given the young Dutch girls all kinds of possibilities to come in contact with our soldiers." In this connection, the following document, which I obtained from underground sources in Holland, is of considerable interest:

*Concerning the intercourse of members of the Army of Occupation with girls and women of Dutch nationality. Supplementary decree to the instructions issued on July 15, 1940, and January 7, 1941.*

1. Friendly intercourse between our soldiers and the Dutch feminine population is to be encouraged as before. The soldiers should be given ample opportunity to meet Dutch girls in clubs, theatres, sport grounds in their leisure time.
2. The soldiers are to be warned explicitly to avoid any contact with the following categories of women:
   (a) prostitutes and girls suspected of suffering from venereal diseases;
   (b) girls who are even slightly suspected of having any percentage of Jewish blood in their veins;
   (c) girls who are half-breeds or who spring from unions between Hollanders and natives from Dutch East India;
   (d) girls who by their attitude show that their sympathies are on the side of the enemy or who otherwise cannot be trusted politically.
3. Intercourse with Dutch girls should not be considered by the soldier as a merely physical function. Every soldier should be conscious at every moment that he is a representative of the Führer, and should try to awaken an understanding of our aims in his companion.
4. Girls who become pregnant in consequence of their sexual relationship with a soldier, shall be granted full moral and material assistance by the occupying authorities within the limitations of the means at their disposal.

(*Signed*) Prof. Dr. Walther Gross
*Berlin, September 15, 1941.*

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V

Here is the report of Professor Gross on the noble labors of the Latin Section of his Office in Western Europe, under the command of a well-known racial demagogue, Dr. Johann von Leers:

> . . . . Belgium and France up to the Loire are doubtless regions with strongly Nordic population elements, and yet the Germanic influence in these countries since the beginning of the century has constantly been sinking. The results of this decadence are now clear to everyone, but we must try to remedy the damage as quickly as possible, because we shall need the cooperation of these old folk-cultures urgently in the reconstruction of Europe. In Belgium we strive above all to turn the leadership of the country completely to the Flemish part of the population.
>
> In France finally our soldiers have from the outset had the greatest success with the female population — one of the most remarkable phenomena of this war. One often has the impression that the French women are fed up with their own enfeebled men and have been overwhelmed by the slim blond young men of the German Army of Occupation. They were, of course, not always the racially most valuable girls who approached our soldiers. We have therefore basically reorganized sex life in France, especially since the Führer himself desires the mixing of Germans of good race and French women: an ideal case is the marriage of Ambassador Otto Abetz.
>
> When the black army of France left the Rhineland, it left behind as a memory thousands of little Negro children. The French women will have no complaint about such scandal in our case. On the contrary, they will derive much joy one day from the many blue-eyed sons of German fathers, whose genius, it may be hoped, will lead our neighbors to new greatness.

There is at least a core of fact in the Nazi boasts. The refusal to release the 1,350,000 Frenchmen — a quarter of the male population from 20 to 40 years — from prison camps has, among other purposes, the diabolic one of keeping them from their wives and sweethearts. The result is that an increasing number of French women, morally and otherwise exhausted by the ordeal of these times, yield to the conquerors. The disgrace of Paris these days is what the Parisians ironically call the *marché de viande*, the meat market. The reference is to the cafés around the Place de la République, where in the evenings, from about six to seven, bevies of girls from stores and offices meet German soldiers. Since these girls are usually hungry and have starving families at home, they give their bodies readily for food or a meal ration card.

I am able to record one of the methods for "basically reorganizing sex life in France," as Professor Gross delicately puts it. Reports reaching me from several different

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sources tell almost the identical story, so that there can be no doubt of its essential truth. For several months, so-called German medical commissions in the occupied zone examined schoolgirls under the pretext of checking up on nutrition. Soon after the examinations, a certain number of these girls were ordered to appear before the German Health Office in Paris.

On arrival, they were lodged in fine quarters, usually former brothels. Every day a batch of the girls was summoned and instructed to undress for examination. The girls disrobed, unaware that they were being inspected by young Nazi officers behind a dark glass wall. These officers indicated their choices and the girls were put at their disposal. After the encounter, the girls were kept under observation until pregnancy developed. Then they were sent home with instructions to inform the German authorities, who assumed responsibility for medical care, as well as financial aid to mother and child. In every case, the racial background of the "lucky" girls had been carefully investigated to make sure that there is no trace of Semitic or other blood unworthy of the honor.

Such reports become credible only when considered in conjunction with "scientific" writings such as this, from "Sex Life in a Nordic World," an article in the *German Medical Review* of March 1941, by Dr. Albert Dupré:

> There is only one way to improve our race and to strengthen the Nordic section of the European population: it is strict control of birth movements. . . . Every woman should be examined to determine whether she is worthy of having children. Those who are should be gathered in women's homes administered by a chief matron. Here, a selection of masculine partners should be presented to them and they should choose one for a marriage limited in time — that is, until she becomes pregnant. . . . The average woman should be able to produce about six children in this way, all of them top-notch Aryans as to health and hereditary dispositions.

It is wholly in character with the activities of the *Rassenpolitischen Amt*, which foresees, as a result of its present sex terror, the emergence of "a new race — strong and athletic, blond and noble, calm and energetic." Nietzsche asked in *Zarathustra* (XIX 868 and 898): "Where is the race strong enough to get rid of the imperative of virtue? . . . The blond beasts, the magnificent beasts of prey, who stand above Good and Evil? . . . Where are the barbarians of the Twentieth Century?"

His appeal has been heeded. The mass production of barbarians is under way.

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# THE STATE OF THE UNION

## *Wanted: Opposition*

By George Creel

Flaming posters exhort loyal citizens to "Serve in Silence" and from broadcasting stations and public platforms come appeals that call upon the people to close their ranks and stand together with the same unquestioning obedience demanded of soldiers and sailors. Newspapers, magazines, radio commentators, political leaders and other authoritative voices are being asked to believe that anything approaching dissent will be regarded as an evidence of disunity, thereby aiding the enemy.

This clamor proceeds initially from those perfervid souls who hold that patriotism must be unreasoning and unasking. There can be no doubt, however, that these breast-beaters are approved by the military high command in Washington, for no tradition is more firmly fixed in the military mind than that war is solely the business of the Army and the Navy. On the outbreak of hostilities, the first thought and hope of the average admiral and general is to padlock the mouth of every civilian.

It is a tradition that does not have, and never did have, the slightest base in truth. In a democracy particularly, war is the deep concern of the *whole people*. The strength of a nation is not in the firing line alone, but in the morale of the civilian population from which the fighting men are drawn — and that morale depends largely, if not entirely, on *popular confidence*.

Public opinion — what a whole people think and feel — is as much a part of any sound system of national defense as ships and guns and planes. Attempts to prevent its free formation and expression can end only in disaster. "Serve in Silence" can only be regarded as a slogan so stupid as to be criminal, for it dooms the civilian population to apathy and exposes its members to every variety of cankering fear and suspicion. Worse, suppression or repression of criticism acts as a shield for the protection and con-



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tinuance of incompetency and dishonesty.

These were the views of no less an authority than Woodrow Wilson. At the time of my appointment as chairman of the Committee on Public Information in April 1917, the President took full time to acquaint me with my powers and duties. Among the things that he insisted upon was the maintenance of a free and uninterrupted flow of news, the bad along with the good. There were military secrets to be guarded, of course, but Mr. Wilson did not trouble to hide his belief that concealments, in the great majority of cases, proceeded from a bureaucratic distrust of democratic common sense. What he most emphasized was that public discussion must be encouraged rather than suppressed. "There are laws on the statute books that take care of treasonable and seditious utterances," he declared, "but as far as everything else is concerned, interpose no obstacle or restraint. *We do not need less criticism in time of war, but more.* It is to be hoped that criticism will be fair and constructive, but better an unfair and destructive attack than autocratic repression. An alert, vocal public opinion is the one sure corrective of blundering and inefficiency."

Out of many painful memories, I can bear witness that public opinion was never off the job. From first to last Woodrow Wilson was beaten upon by a storm of criticism that took no account of obstacles. Many powerful newspapers watched and waited for blunders with almost indecent eagerness and bitter partisans in the Senate and House refused to abate their hatreds. Even so, the daily attack was corrective and propulsive, for under its lash mistakes were acknowledged and remedied.

President Wilson's initial blunder, made by others before him, was his failure to place the mobilization of industry entirely under civilian control with *one* man the unquestioned boss. Acting in accordance with the revered tradition that admirals and generals must be given a free hand, he appointed a National Defense Advisory Commission of seven great industrialists — good men individually, but no more than a luncheon club collectively, for they could do nothing but *advise*. Naturally enough, the old-fashioned procurement methods of the Army and the Navy sabotaged plant conversion and subcontracting, and soon produced shortages and alarming price jumps.

The press and Congress lost no time in pointing out these disas-

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trous results and President Wilson, junking the Advisory Commission, set up a General Munitions Board to coordinate government purchases and to assist in accumulating stockpiles of raw materials. This body, also without a vestige of executive power, proved a dud. Admirals and generals went their own sweet ways. Again, criticism rose to a sustained scream and President Wilson, scrapping the Munitions Board, created a War Industries Board. Lack of administrative authority, however, continued as a fatal weakness. Ignoring recommendations that checked their own independent activities, Army, Navy and Shipping Board engaged in reckless competition, not only with each other, but with rival government agencies, the Allies and civilian buyers. Prices went through the roof, thousands of small manufacturers faced ruin, and the whole industrial balance staggered drunkenly.

Criticism, coming from every part of the country, swelled into a continuous roar. Then, and only then, Woodrow Wilson threw off the blindfolds of tradition, and saw that the mobilization of industry was a task for *civilians*, a task that called for an all-powerful single chief. Removing the War Industries Board from Army and Navy control, he gave it independent status, with Bernard M. Baruch as the undisputed boss. Only then did America's war machine begin to hit on all cylinders. Production began to meet all needs and water foamed to the plunge of new ships. In May, our soldiers fought side by side with veterans at Cantigny; in June, they whipped the Germans at Belleau Wood; in July, they refused to join in the Allied retreat and won the day at Château-Thierry; in September, Pershing wiped out the St. Mihiel salient, and in October, with two million men in the front lines, he dealt the enemy the succession of hammer blows that brought the Germans to their knees.

## II

Another case in point was our experience with airplanes. We started, of course, far behind scratch, for on April 6, 1917, the United States had just two fields and fifty-five serviceable planes, of which fifty-one were obsolete and the other four obsolescent. Only one or two factories had any equipment for the new industry, few workers were familiar with plane manufacture, and the bulk of necessary material was in the raw. Railroads had to be built to spruce

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and fir forests; lack of mahogany for propellers forced experiments with walnut, oak, cherry and ash. Castor beans had to be imported from Asia to sow ten thousand acres. Unable to get flax from Ireland, we had to develop long-fibre cotton for surface covering, ten factories had to be built for the manufacture of acetone, and so on.

Editorial and fireside experts, ignorant of these lacks, demanded that America become the greatest air power in the world overnight. Many authoritative voices refused to admit any difference between planes and flivvers, and sounded off wildly about turning out bombers in hourly batches. Instead of confessing their difficulties, the men in charge of the aircraft program caught the fever, and went in for over-optimistic reports. Unfortunately I accepted their statements without question and soon the people were being assured that our plane program was exceeding every sanguine expectation. When the facts came out, as facts always do, Congress, the press and the people went berserk. A great deal of real accomplishment was ignored and the degree of failure was magnified until people believed that nothing had been done at all. Public confidence received a blow from which it was long in recovering and my Committee on Public Information in particular got a black eye that never lost its discoloration. Yet, had the truth been told at the outset, there was every reason for pride.

One group of our first transports to France was attacked by German submarines and we announced it in a highly emotional press release. The story was questioned by the Associated Press, and while upheld at every point by correspondents on board at the time, our "hip-hip-hurrah" description of the battle gave editorial writers a field day. A valuable lesson: after that we stuck to the factual, avoiding ballyhoo and "color." An unhappy experience in connection with a flu epidemic in the camps also taught us the wisdom of giving out bad news *instantly* without attempt to minimize it. Holding back the report on a defeat, a disaster or a casualty list does not soften the blow, and *does* impair popular confidence.

A free people do not have to be wheedled, press-agented or kept in the dark. Sooner or later, the truth explodes and the effect on public morale is far more disastrous than if chilling, disheartening facts had been given frankly in the first place. When people know that something is being held back, the

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feeling grows that a great deal is being hidden. Out of my experience as chairman of the Committee on Public Information, I emerged with the firm conviction that any form of internal censorship, voluntary or compulsory, is both unworkable and unnecessary. What "information of value to the enemy" can possibly come to the ears of a reporter or a citizen that cannot be found out by an enemy agent worth his salt? Never, at any time, could I find any agreement as to where the line should be drawn respecting "aid and comfort to the enemy." The publication of casualty lists and ship sinkings may afford comfort to the Japs and Germans, but if such news is suppressed, what of the effect on our own people? Production figures may give aid to the enemy, but what about the boost to our own morale to know that assembly lines are rolling out planes and guns? Good news for us is bound to be bad news for the enemy.

As early as July 1917, I came to the conclusion that a censorship of the press was neither operable nor needed. I asked President Wilson for an executive order placing all cable communications under rigid control and strict supervision. This done, what was said or printed inside the United States ceased to be a matter of any large concern since enemy agents could not get their information out of the country. That is what should be done today, and all that should be done in the way of repression. A censorship of the cables is now in effective operation and the Federal Communications Commission has worked out a monitoring system that takes care of the radio.

A strong and sustained civilian morale can be achieved only when people have confidence in the news, and feel that they are being told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Instead of being repressed, public discussion should be stimulated and encouraged, for it is the lifeblood of a democracy. As Woodrow Wilson pointed out twenty-five years ago, there are laws to punish treason and seditious utterance. That sort of talk should and must be left to the courts, not to some second lieutenant in a censorship bureau. Discussion of everything, even of peace beyond the war, is essential. Hitler may be right in saying that an "idealistic note" in propaganda holds no appeal to the German people, but it is only to flaming ideals that Americans respond.

In sheer self-defense, our government at this critical hour needs strong, stubborn, patriotic opposi-

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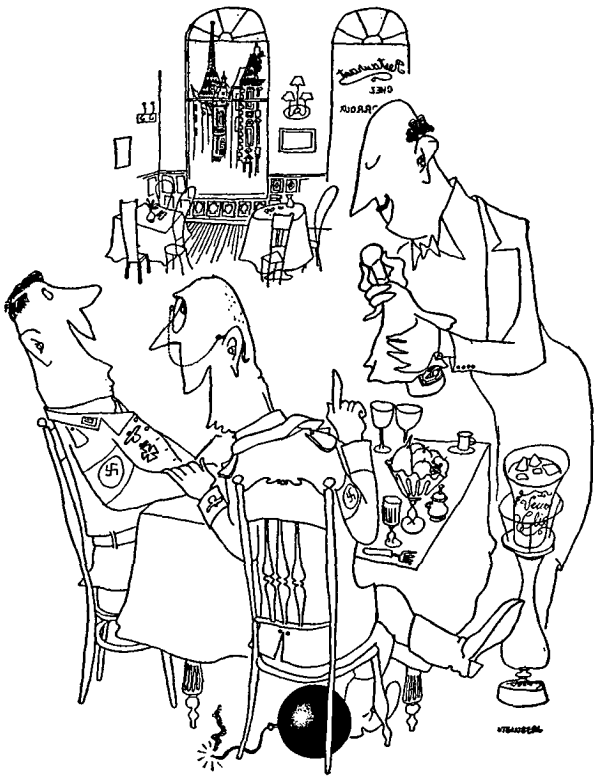
tion. Heaven help America if the perfervid patriots, the admirals and the generals and the army of government press agents succeed in inducing a suspension of the nation's critical faculties "for the duration." Washington must be made conscious of the difference between support and rubber-stamp apathy. The very magnitude of the job is another reason for critical scrutiny by Congress, by the press, by radio, rather than an excuse for muzzling these agencies of criticism. Concealment is self-defeating. Criticism, the asking of questions, the demand for an accounting — these are the tools of democracy in action. The alternative is apathy and festering doubt.



*"— and now it pops!"*

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▶ *Millions of tons of used rubber can be reclaimed to end shortage.*

# SCRAP RUBBER TO THE RESCUE!

By Blair Bolles

More dust has been kicked up in Washington over the rubber shortage than over any other result of the war. The air has been so filled with accusations and counter-accusations that, as yet, almost no progress has been made along the one direction which promises immediate relief. Scrap rubber! There are millions of tons of scrap rubber in the United States. It needs only to be collected and reclaimed. Thus far, no comprehensive plan for the collection, reclamation and exchange of rubber articles has been instituted.

The post-haste development of a synthetic rubber industry is imperative. So is the development of a Latin-American natural rubber industry. But relief from these sources can come only in a period of one to seven years. For *immediate* relief, we must comb our city dumps and look inside our closets and pantries. Competent authorities contend that there are ten million tons of rubber articles lying at hand — more than enough to ease the "rubber shortage" until the synthetic and Latin-American developments can become effective.

We have been so prodigal in the use of rubber in past years that, while we have used as much as eight hundred thousand tons of crude in a year, we have never bothered to reclaim more than three hundred thousand tons a year. This reclaim has been used in the manufacture of shoes, mats, plumbing specialties, hose, and other such items. But reclaim activity in this country has been slight, compared to activity in Germany which is now fighting its second great war on reclaimed and synthetic rubber. At present, we have only about a dozen reclaim plants scattered around the country and their annual capacity does not exceed four hundred thousand tons.

A plan to expand American reclaim capacity quickly to *two million* tons a year has been presented to the government by a group of smaller rubber manufacturers, headed by Elliott E. Simpson, of New York. These manufacturers



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— and there are seven hundred of them in the country — are faced with shutdowns or serious curtailment unless the government helps them to obtain scrap rubber and allows them to use reclaim in the manufacture of their products.

Simpson amazed House and Senate Committees by presenting the Committee members with re-treaded tires which he had made out of five pounds of reclaimed rubber mixed with *two ounces* of crude rubber. He told the Committees that he could take ninety thousand tons of reclaimed rubber and re-tread thirty-five million tires, or one tire for every passenger car in the country. These tires, he said, would give ten thousand miles of safe service with careful driving.

The plan to expand reclaim capacity calls for the establishment of fifty "rubber incinerators" throughout the country. These would cost the government about twenty million dollars, and would have the advantage of "taking the reclaim plant to the rubber." Under present reclaim procedure, there are only a few reclaim plants — most of them concentrated in New England — and they buy only a few items, such as tires and tubes, at prices which do not justify shipping scrap more than a hundred miles. Thus, there are vast areas in the country where virtually no effort is being made to collect the scrap or to reclaim it.

These fifty incinerators, it is contended, could be constructed in a few months to reclaim a million tons of rubber a year. The present reclaim capacity of four hundred thousand tons a year could be expanded to a million tons by the conversion of a few plants now designed to use crude into reclaim plants. The total reclaim capacity then would be two million tons a year — more than enough to supply the war industry demand, to keep all the cars available for restricted use, and to prevent the shutdown of hundreds of relatively small plants.

To insure the widely-scattered incinerators a constant flow of scrap, the plan calls for the raising of the scrap price from the present level of approximately twenty dollars a ton to as high as one hundred dollars a ton. The plan also calls for the immediate enforcement of a rigid "exchange policy" such as we now have for tooth-paste tubes. Old girdles would have to be traded in for new girdles, old water bottles for new water bottles. The new incinerators would reduce the freight and transportation problem; the increased price

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would send thousands of scrap collectors scurrying through attics and closets; and the exchange policy would prevent further depletion of scrap resources.

Nor would the increased price for scrap result in any considerable rise in prices for finished goods made from reclaim. Since only five pounds of reclaim is needed to re-tread a tire, the re-tread charge would have to be raised only from the present charge of $5.55 to about $5.85.

## II

The American people have had no occasion to realize the miracles which can be accomplished in the reclaiming of rubber. The Germans developed a process during the last war by which rubber could be reclaimed with virtually no loss. Some of the men who helped develop that process are now refugees in this country and their skills are available to us. Reclaim experts can take a split hot water bottle and get enough rubber from it to make a new hot water bottle. They can take one old tire and get enough rubber out of it to re-tread two and a half tires! If you'll give them a pair of crepe-soled shoes, there is almost nothing they can't make out of them, for the crepe is pure crude rubber. And it is estimated that there are at least ten million pairs of crepe-soled shoes lying in American closets and attics.

Virtually every American family is a rubber hoarder. The variety of household articles which can be contributed to a really serious effort to relieve the rubber shortage is amazing. Just consider this partial list:

*Bathing apparel* — bags, belts, capes, girdles, shoes and suits.
*Drug sundries* — baby pants, bibs, bags, bed pans, bottles, bulbs, mattresses, pillows, syringes, tubing, sheeting, gloves, nipples, crutch tips, pads, pacifiers, teething rings, rubber stockings, massage brushes and aprons.
*Flooring* — floor mats, stair treads, wainscoting and tiling.
*Footwear* — arctics, boots, garters, rubbers, heels and soles.
*Hard rubber goods* — combs, trays, toilet seats and bottles.
*Household goods* — jar rings, bath sprays, mats, plungers, sink stoppers, kneeling pads, sponges, dish drainers, fly swatters, soap dishes, coasters, dust pans, plate scrapers, shower curtains, bridge table covers, tobacco pouches, crib sheets, poker chips, quoits, tires from baby carriages, rubber toys, battery boxes and garden hose.

But the household list is only the beginning. The industrial list is even more impressive. If all the wornout fire hose in the country were put in one pile, there would be enough rubber to guarantee against any shortage of fire hose.

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Belting manufacturers have tons of scrap rubber on hand. Government trucking departments and large truck lines are reservoirs of scrap rubber, as are hospitals, airports, railroads, oil fields, sand and gravel companies, vulcanizers and patch manufacturers, auto wreckers, shoe manufacturers, chewing gum manufacturers, and battery repair shops.

An automobile junk yard is a veritable rubber mine. The tires and tubes are only the more obvious rubber accoutrements of a car. There is a rubber steering wheel, a rubber battery, a rubber mat, rubber mountings and rubber shock absorbers. Old tennis balls, old golf balls, footballs, basketballs, even baseballs have pure crude rubber to yield to the sharp-eyed reclaimer.

One indication of how much rubber we can reclaim is seen in the announcement that the British Isles now expects to reclaim fifty thousand tons a month, or six hundred thousand tons a year. Since Britain has never used more than 150,000 tons of crude in a year, we should be able to reclaim *three million* tons a year on the same ratio.

Yet the only step which has been taken in this direction has been an announcement by Lessing Rosenwald, chief of the Bureau of Industrial Conservation, that housewives should begin saving a few of the more commonly thought of rubber items. And Mr. Rosenwald himself has indicated that the scrap is now moving so slowly toward the few reclaiming plants that they are unable to operate at their limited 300,000-ton capacity! The British Isles, with less than a third of our population and less than one-tenth of our automobiles, is gearing to reclaim at the rate of six hundred thousand tons a year, while we are still falling under three hundred thousand a year! And Germany, our enemy, is reclaiming its rubber at least four times!

## III

The advantage which an all-out rubber reclaim program would give us is summed up by proponents as follows:

First, such a program seems imperative if we are to insure our war effort against a shortage. There are only eight hundred thousand tons of raw crude in the country and war industry is wolfing away at this pile. Every tank uses nearly a ton of rubber. Every plane requires an average of a ton and a half. It takes 1246 pounds of

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rubber to equip a flying fortress with bullet-proof gas tanks. Every 35,000-ton battleship uses seventy-five tons of rubber. Fifty rolls of adhesive plaster take one pound of rubber. The Army walks on rubber. During March and April, the War Department bought 2,500,000 pairs of shoes with rubber soles and every month from now on, it expects to buy 1,800,000 pairs with rubber soles.

It is estimated that the armed forces and their industries will require 306,750 tons of rubber this year. The shipbuilding program calls for one hundred thousand tons. We are expected to supply two hundred thousand tons to our allies. American trucks, moving the materials for the war industries, will need 150,000 tons. These estimates show that not only do we have no raw rubber for civilian use, but also that we shall be short for our war industry in 1943 unless our synthetic industry develops faster than is indicated.

It is clear to rubber authorities that we are wasting much of our crude rubber supply in our war industry. We are using precious crude rubber in a hundred spots where reclaim could be used just as well. Our percentages of crude have been steadily reduced for most uses, but our percentages are still much higher than those used by the Germans. The Germans have proved that a tank can operate just as effectively on rubber that is 95 per cent reclaim as it can on rubber that is 40 per cent reclaim. As soon as our reclaim capacity is increased, we can take further drastic steps to conserve our crude.

The second reason why we must have an effective reclaim program is that we cannot shut off the civilian supply of rubber completely without serious consequences both to the war effort and to civilian morale. Every car owner dreads the day when, in spite of all his careful driving and tire-nursing, he will have to park his car and admit that he can't use it even in the direst emergency. Thousands of war workers have no choice but to live many miles from their jobs and have no other means of transportation except cars. Efforts must be made to keep some sort of tires available to civilians.

And the third reason, while less important, still deserves consideration. The hundreds of small rubber manufacturers can do nothing else but shut down unless they can induce the people and the government to help them get enough scrap rubber to operate. The four or five big rubber companies are

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running at capacity on war orders. They are using the available crude and reclaim. But the small plants have no war orders. They must depend on a civilian turnover. They must depend on this *new* reclaim capacity which they are urging the government to help them build. Their motives can be regarded as both selfish and unselfish. If the public, by collecting scrap, will help the small plants to survive, these small plants can continue to furnish re-treaded tires, as well as the many other rubber items which can be sold on an exchange basis.

One immediate effect of a sound reclaim program would be to stop the sale of used tires. Junk dealers, with government approval, are now combing their junk piles for tires which have been repaired four or five times and on which the tread is no more than three-eighths of an inch thick. They are selling these tires for prices ranging up to eight dollars. The tires are patently unsafe. But if the junk dealers were forced to sell these tires to reclaimers, the reclaimers could get enough rubber out of one tire to re-tread two and a half tires! And the re-treaded tires would be safe up to ten thousand miles.

If Simpson and the small manufacturers are correct in contending that two million tons can be reclaimed each year, then the means for solving our rubber problem is in our own hands.

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## SUNRISE AND SMOKE: 1942

HEADING toward the place of work at dawn
we drove into the eye of the rising sun
heavy-lidded with smoke.
The odor of night lingered in hollow and ditch.
The windshield fogged with moisture.
In the suburbs sleep dwelt in the houses still.
Through quiet streets the hurrying cars of the workers
gathered strength like a stream,
flowed through the factory gates in a slow river,
powerful, turbulent, having a thousand voices
merged into one, the force of many waters
following their course, water to the sea.

— LOUIS STODDARD

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# MALE CHORUS

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Now the people were all done with words,
There was a place for all the birds,
The singing birds began to come
Through the walls, light flute, low drum,
In they came in clustered cries
Bright and burning as their eyes.

The people heard a poem coming
Without their making it, skillful drumming
With never a miss, with never a flaw,
Ancient great green forest law
Running through slender pipes, through sharp
Beaks and bills, a hundred-mile harp
Came into being, built of thin
Cords of living flesh stretched in
Male birds' throats, love keyed up taut,
Insisting on outlet, hard and hot.

The room was full of bright male arrows,
Strident and most metallic sparrows,
Then the phoebe bird crying deep:
"Come to me, mate! love cannot keep!"
The chickadees, a man's thumb-size,
Shook the room with fierce bass cries,
Yellowhammers beat the skin
Of kettledrums, the thuds came in,
Robins left the twisting worm
And called out longings crisp and firm,
And tame roosters crew and crew
Telling what heights love led them to.

The people in the room there hushed,
The women and even the men there blushed
With so much maleness in the air
Coming through plaster straight and bare,
They blushed at love without the words
Coming in through the throats of birds.



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▶ *Big Business and Big Labor alike watch his campaigns with alarm.*

# THURMAN ARNOLD: PROPHET OF PROSPERITY

By William Bradford Huie

Talking with Thurman Arnold in Washington is like meeting a gust of cool, mountain air in the Dust Bowl. He is as full of surprises as a jack-in-the-box. Amidst an atmosphere of pessimism and indecision, he amazes you with brash optimism and assurance. The man is a "trust buster." His first book was a satire on capitalism. His favorite sport is tilting at General Electric and Standard Oil. Yet when you walk into his office, expecting a dissertation on socialism, the former Yale Professor bounces out of his chair, pounds you on the back like a Chamber of Commerce secretary, and begins telling you what a great, free, competitive world you are going to live in.

Capitalism dying? Hell, no, man! Capitalism is what we got to fight for! Capitalism, it's wonderful! In spite of the finagling of some of the capitalists, it can give more good things to more people than any other social system ever devised.

Depression after the war? Hell, no! The end of this war will see the greatest boom in history. We'll live in a new age. The Plastics and Light Metals Age. We had the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age. Now we are going to have the Plastics and Light Metals Age.

Is the war terrible? Sure, wars are always terrible. But there's hope in this war. America is going to lose its pot belly and its excess poundage in this war. We are like a fat man who has had to stir out of the dining room and start heaving coal. We are going to come out of this war with a trim waistline, ready to produce as never before.

The trouble with America, according to Thurman Arnold, is that we have been crushing that same free competition which forms the basis of a healthy capitalism. We have allowed fat monopolies to crush free enterprise by their sheer weight and inertia. The war has afforded a chance to break up these monopolies, and when freedom has been restored to America's businessmen, their energy will have been restored.



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As you listen to Arnold talk, you become more and more impressed with the strange enigma that he is. He defies a label. A big, slouchy fellow from Wyoming, he is probably the only ex-professor in Washington who was ever president of a Lion's Club or a member of a Chamber of Commerce. He can trumpet like a Bull-Elk at convention time and you can imagine his walking into a symposium of goggle-eyed intellectuals and insisting that everybody stand and sing *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag*. He was once the only Democratic member of the Wyoming legislature and he was mayor of Laramie when he came East to become a professor.

One moment Arnold talks like the sales manager for the Aluminum Corporation of America. He grabs up one of Alcoa's magazine ads telling how important aluminum is going to be in the post-war world, and reads the ad with enthusiasm. Aluminum can furnish a million new jobs after the war! Then, the next moment, he tells you gleefully how Alcoa's monopoly on aluminum has been broken, how it has been forced to relax its "restraint" on magnesium, and how wonderful it is going to be for everybody after the war when Alcoa has to compete with three other aluminum manufacturers, and the whole aluminum industry has to meet competition from a new magnesium industry, and both aluminum and magnesium have to clash head-on with revitalized copper and stainless steel.

The sacred gods of Price Structure will crumble into dust, he predicts. First, aluminum will cut prices. Then magnesium will cut under. Copper and stainless steel will get in their licks. There will be a grand, price-cutting dogfight, with each side struggling for new and cheaper methods of production. The new metals will become so cheap for, say, plumbing fixtures, that everybody can afford two bathrooms. Every man can have a new house pre-fabricated out of magnesium for two thousand dollars and he will need a double aluminum garage in which to park his two cars, which Henry Ford will be stamping out of soybeans and selling for lower prices than ever.

Thurman Arnold, a brain-truster with a pince-nez, who used to take his dog to class with him at Yale, has the audacity to sit in a New Deal palace and declare that Herbert Hoover was probably right when he predicted that ordinary Americans would some day have two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage!

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"Why not?" he asks you sincerely. "When this war is over, we will have the American industrial plant producing at an undreamed of capacity. We will have learned new skills. The full production of the war will destroy monopoly control and create opportunities for independent initiative. It will sweep aside restrictions which stifled our energy for the past twenty years. After the war, unrestricted production of new wealth will create opportunities for new enterprise, large and small. I think Mr. Hoover's prediction may come true."

Arnold follows this up with more New Deal heresy by expressing the warmest admiration for Henry Ford. He believes that the automobile industry, with no restrictive patent pools or agreements to stabilize production, and with the sole purpose of producing as many cars as possible as cheaply as possible, has provided an example which all American industry must follow after the war.

## II

Thurman Arnold believes that a New America can be built out of magnesium, aluminum, copper and light stainless steel. If the industries which control these metals can be forced into full production with open competition, he thinks, new goods can be produced so cheaply that every phase of American life will be affected. He conceives of himself as a sort of umpire, charged with the responsibility of encouraging American energy and initiative to fight over these metals. He wants to keep these metals free, to encourage competition to promote their development, and to prevent the men who control them from conspiring to restrict production and to hold prices high.

His trust-busting experience with Alcoa illustrates what he means. Before the war, there was only one magnesium and one aluminum producer in the United States. When Arnold became Assistant Attorney-General in charge of the Anti-Trust Division in 1938, he immediately dived into this situation. He found that an international cartel restricted magnesium production to four thousand tons a year in order to prevent it from competing with aluminum. The relation between magnesium and aluminum prices was fixed by monopoly control. Aluminum and magnesium, two of the metals of the future, were not being developed and exploited to build the New America, but were being "carefully restricted" for the sole benefit of the "stability" of Alcoa and its cartel

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mate, the I. G. Farben trust of Germany.

That this is no longer true is due to the war and Thurman Arnold. Arnold attacked the cartel in the courts and the war made the rapid development of aluminum and magnesium imperative. After the war, there will be at least ten magnesium producers and four aluminum producers. We will be producing five hundred thousand tons of magnesium a year instead of the four thousand tons which Alcoa and I. G. Farben allowed before the war.

Thus the war is Arnold's best ally in his fight to break the grip of the trusts. To use his strategic advantage, he is resisting every effort to make him lie down and be quiet during the war.

Aluminum is an abundant metal. Magnesium is made from ordinary sea water, and is the second lightest metal known. One pound of magnesium will do the work of two pounds of aluminum and five pounds of copper. Yet its lightness doesn't affect its strength. It machines more easily than aluminum. It welds more easily. Magnesium and aluminum, competing in the building and transportation industries, can effect a revolution and bring new comforts within the reach of additional millions of Americans.

Arnold believes that magnesium and aluminum in competition will stimulate copper and stainless steel. For twenty years, the copper industry has been virtually marking time. But the end of the war will bring a new situation for copper, which will have to meet aluminum and magnesium in a free and active market. Whereas copper building supplies, including plumbing fixtures, have remained sky high during the depression, they will have to be dropped and production will have to be stepped up in order for copper to survive.

And what about steel? The steel companies, having seen the handwriting on the wall, are working furiously to develop new, lightweight steels to meet the competition of the light metals. Electric furnace steels and alloy steels, the specialties of the smaller steel companies, will be in demand and this will give the smaller companies a new advantage in competing with the big steel companies.

All of this new activity will mean tremendous demands for cheaper electricity, for electricity is necessary in the manufacture of the light metals. Hence, more big dams, more and bigger TVA's, more and cheaper electricity for everybody, more and cheaper appliances to be made out of the cheaper light metals. It all

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fits together like a jigsaw puzzle, as explained by Thurman Arnold, to whom it means new prosperity and a new and better way of life.

"The economic progress of man is written in terms of the discovery and use of metals," he declares. "The new era we are approaching is the light metals era. We have thought that iron was a 'common metal,' but aluminum is twice as abundant as iron."

Arnold's spectacular collision with Standard Oil of New Jersey further illustrates both what he is trying to do and the advantage which the war has given him. The agreement between Standard Oil and I. G. Farben was simply an elaborate plan to restrict production and maintain price structure. All new ideas affecting the products of these two great companies were seized upon and "pooled," for the best interests of two monopolies. New processes might not even be used at all, but shelved if they threatened Price Structure. In the case of rubber, the two great monopolies "co-operated" with a third great monopoly, the British-Dutch monopoly on crude rubber.

If it hadn't been for the war and the opportunity it afforded Arnold to accuse Standard Oil of working against the best interest of the nation in wartime, he might never have been able to lance this boil and let it drain. The result, he believes, is going to be cheaper rubber after the war and higher octane gasolines which will give more miles per gallon in cars and airplanes and trains which will grow lighter as the new metals are exploited.

Precedent for much that Arnold proposes to do can be found in the records of the First World War. The natural stresses of that war resulted in the breaking up of vast patent pools. A whole new chemical industry sprang up in this country when the war broke the I. G. Farben grip on chemistry. It is generally conceded that the wholesale freeing of patents was an energizing process. Arnold believes that if he is allowed to accelerate that process during this war, the new energy and new prosperity will be proportionately greater.

## III

In the three years he has been in Washington, Thurman Arnold has proved that nobody is sacred to him. He tears into labor leaders and even into politically-sacrosanct farmers as readily as he attacks Big Business. He sits in his office before a thirty-foot map of the United States and every time he sniffs a

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"tendency to fix prices or to restrain trade," he jumps up and sticks a pin in the map and orders his legal bloodhounds to hit the trail. A monopoly is a monopoly to Arnold, whether it's the work of a farmer, a labor leader, or a Big Businessman.

When he heard of the high milk price in Chicago, he hit the town with a full complement of assistants and FBI men. Nothing delights him like the summoning of a grand jury, so he summoned a few grand juries and indicted everybody from the head of the Chicago Board of Health down to the smallest farmer in the milk co-operative. He found that the farmers and the transportation labor unions had conspired together to make the people of Chicago pay more for their milk, and to Arnold this represents an illegal and unhealthy action. He thinks farmers and labor unions should work toward producing more milk more cheaply, so that everyone can afford to buy more milk and the price trend can be downward instead of upward. When you form a trade association to "fix" a price and "regulate" production, you are inviting an all-out attack by Arnold.

While Arnold was laying siege to the embattled Chicago farmers, good New Dealers in Washington like Henry Wallace were on the verge of apoplexy. For "price fixing" and "price raising by organization and agreement" are processes as dear to the hearts of most New Dealers as they are to the men who run Alcoa and General Electric. The opening New Deal gun was NRA, which had as its prime purpose the establishment of trusts, and during the operation of NRA the President himself implied that the Sherman Anti-Trust Laws could be considered as "dormant." All of which only illustrates further how enigmatic Arnold is. In three years, he has not only prosecuted successfully most of the big businesses and many labor organizations in the country, but he has succeeded in reversing the whole trend of the New Deal in this matter.

When Rexford Tugwell and Wallace were in the New Deal saddle, the talk in Washington was about a "mature economy" and about the "obvious necessity for fixed prices and marketing agreements and restraints of production." But now Arnold, the flamboyant Westerner, has climbed into the saddle, and he is convinced that both Tugwell and Wallace are wrong; that instead of being "mature," we are on the verge of a new era of expansion; and that anybody who dares attempt to fix a price or restrain

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production deserves nothing less than incarceration and a fifty thousand dollar fine.

Throughout the depression, the building industry writhed hopelessly in the clutches of the price fixers. Structural steel, for instance, remained at a high fixed price, while automobile steel fell to lower and lower prices. But it isn't enough to blame the steel companies for this. Had they reduced the price of structural steel, they could not have gotten more volume, since the labor unions and the manufacturers of all other building materials were combined to hold building costs as high as possible. The AFL unions deliberately conspired with manufacturers to kill off cheaper and competitive building materials in order to restrict building and keep prices and wages high.

Thurman Arnold believes that the whole tendency to fix prices and wages is vicious. He wants to see a return to the "Big Dollar," and to the competitive methods under which the First America was built during the years from 1870 to 1900. With 90 per cent of the American people drawing incomes of less than three thousand dollars a year, he thinks that the way to maintain progress is to see that every dollar can be exchanged for more and better goods. Over-production is no bugbear to Arnold. He believes that if free competition creates a surplus, the surplus can take care of itself — that a nation can "afford" all it can produce. Unrestrained production will solve its own problems. It will burst the bonds which seek to confine it, create new businesses and new outlets, and new and easier methods of purchase.

Did the Government, he asks, have to subsidize the purchase of automobiles during the depression? No. People who couldn't buy food could buy cars, because the energy and genius of the automobile industry, born of free competition, was solving its own problems. And an American dollar spent for automobiles purchased more goods than a dollar spent for anything else. All of this makes sense to Arnold and he proposes to force all American industry into the automobile plan.

He states the problem simply. How can we enable the average American to buy more and more goods so that he can live better and more pleasantly, and so that he can help maintain the demand for more and more American production? There are two plans. One is to fix prices high and then try to raise wages, or else provide Government subsidies to workers so that they can pay the high prices. The Arnold plan

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is to torpedo price structure and restore the American freedom to make goods out of new materials as cheaply as possible. This will raise real wages by giving the average American a bigger dollar with more purchasing power.

## IV

When you meet Thurman Arnold, you realize at once that he is a natural-born beard-tweaker. There is something of Voltaire in him. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson describes him as "half Voltaire and half cowboy." He is no respecter of ikons nor of the past. He supported the so-called court-packing bill, because, he said, "the Constitution has become a hair-shirt, through the wearing of which salvation can be attained." Voltaire said that lawyers were "conservators of ancient barbarisms," while Arnold added that law schools are "institutions designed to make simple things appear complicated in order to increase the importance of lawyers."

The son of a moderately successful Wyoming rancher, Arnold came to Princeton at sixteen, got his Phi Beta Kappa key, then duly finished at Harvard Law School. He was having a lot of fun courting his wife and getting started in a Chicago law firm when the First World War broke out. He married Frances Longan, of Sedalia, Missouri, the week before he left for France as a first lieutenant in the 101st Field Artillery. When the war was over, he built a home high up in the hills from Laramie and settled down to become a rancher-lawyer-politician. He was living there prosperously and contentedly when Dean Roscoe Pound lured him Eastward to a professorship, though not on Pound's faculty.

At Yale, the fellows promptly labeled Arnold's classroom "the cave of the winds." His dog, Duffy Arnold, always sat on a front seat and appeared to be bored with Yale men. Somebody started the rumor that Arnold was the fifth Marx brother. He was the kind of rambling, vociferous professor that some students insist is a genius, while others are just as certain he is only "strange."

In 1937, Arnold was enjoying a sabbatical year, so he had nothing better to do than stroll around Washington and argue with the other professors. Bob Jackson, then Assistant Attorney-General, saw him and immediately recognized the incongruity of a Yale professor in Washington and not on the Federal payroll. Jackson brought him in and made him his assistant.

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The assignment of Arnold to the Anti-Trust Division is positive evidence that he wasn't expected to remain long in Washington. There were only eighteen lawyers in the whole division and dust had been accumulating on the Sherman Anti-Trust Act these many years. Arnold quietly reached into the files for it, dusted it off, hired himself two hundred lawyers, and in three years has succeeded in raising more hell than any other man in the country.

He lives healthily and enthusiastically in an old farmhouse at McLean, Virginia, where Frances Arnold serves thick Western steaks to New Dealers and Old Dealers alike. The talk is loud and late. One of the sons is an ensign in the Navy and the other is a sophomore at Yale.

Nobody took Arnold seriously when he came to Washington. He drove around with his dog in an ancient Stearns-Knight sedan and there were intelligent men who shook their heads about him. But whatever you think of his economics, it is obvious that Thurman Arnold has something on the ball. His hopefulness is infectious. He has a plan for a New America and a New World after this war. It's a hopeful plan and he'll sell you on it if you'll give him half a chance.

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# I DO NOT KNOW

By John Zeigler

I do not know
Why she must walk in slow
Accented rhythms of despair,
Or why her eyes,
Elusive and unglamorous, must stare
As though no beauty carved the skies.
And yet I know
That since she walked across my vision
All my thoughts have turned to her:
All the lonely indecision
That she wears, I wear with her.

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# THE BUCKET BOY

By Ernest L. Meyer

The newspaper on which father worked occupied the top floor of the *Germania* Building on West Water Street. One of its busiest employees, especially on hot summer days — and it used to get very hot in Milwaukee in July and August — was Heinz, the *Kesseljunge*. This bucket boy was not a boy at all. He was a superannuated city worker, for many years driver of a garbage truck. But at sixty he was let go because his strength ebbed and his eyesight failed. "Ah," Heinz used to mourn, "if only my nose had failed. . . ."

Yet Heinz was lucky to get the job of *Kesseljunge* at the *Germania*, for it was an important post and his services were in great demand. He himself constructed the tools of his trade: two poles, each about five feet long and each artfully and deeply notched. The notches were designed firmly to hold the handles of one-quart beer buckets and Heinz had mastered the art of carrying six full buckets on each pole without spilling a drop.

Often I used to visit father at the newspaper plant and Heinz and I became friends. The old man took such a fancy to me that he told me some of the secrets of his trade. He was proud of his post and he implied that if I applied myself assiduously and took his counsel to heart I might some day become a *Kesseljunge* and be held in high esteem by the gentlemen in the city room — even the *chef redakteur* himself, no less.

The thirst of the *Germania* employes was impatient and perennial. On hot days, the bellowings for the *Kesseljunge* sounded despairingly above the rattle of typewriters and linotypes. Despite the wailing, as of doomed men on a desert island, none of the gentlemen could be described accurately as languishing from hunger and thirst, for their upholstery was generous, in keeping with the generous times, and a special swivel chair had to be constructed for Gustav Haas, the managing editor, to accommodate his monumental beam and underpinnings.

Herr Haas was a customer of the



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*Kesseljunge*. So was my father, city editor, and all his reporters, and all the copyreaders save one who had diabetes, and all of the linotype operators and hand typesetters, so there was a constant clamor for Heinz and his two dozen buckets — one dozen always in use, one dozen always on the wing. There was only one woman on the staff, Frau Greta, who ran the daily half-page woman's department, and who went beerless because she did not think it dignified for lady contributors to drop into the sanctum and have them see buckets of beer strewn around promiscuously. So they gave her a room to herself down the hallway, where she kept her dignity amidst the drought. I never called on Frau Greta, but I was told by father that the atmosphere in her office was genteel but gloomy.

To do them credit, the men mixed labor valiantly with their libations. They got out a whacking good newspaper. To make sure that my boyhood recollections are accurate I only recently went through a file of the old and now defunct *Germania* for the period in which Heinz was *Kesseljunge*, that is in the early 1900's. Well patronized by advertisers, the afternoon daily was making money, ran from sixteen to thirty-two pages, and had a circulation of around 40,000. There was also a morning edition, *Der Herold*, which was doing excellently.

The *Germania* was a well-rounded family newspaper. It had a complete report of world news from the Associated Press, which came to the office from the central Milwaukee AP bureau on sheets of yellow flimsy and had to be translated rapidly into German by sweating assistants of the telegraph editor. Now and then my father used to bring home great batches of the yellow flimsy, for bathroom purposes. The week-old news, printed in queer capital letters, fascinated me, though I found the market reports quite dull and colorless. The ponderous conservatism of the *Germania* editorial pages was leavened by short, sparkling fillers and the grayness of its special departments, devoted to the doings of Klubs and Vereins, was lightened by a daily page of puzzles, jokes and anagrams. It also ran what I think is one of the first "columns" in America. The columnist signed himself Philip Sauerampfer and he wrote delightfully in the jargon known as Milwaukee-Deutsch (*Die Cow hat ueber die Fence Geyumpt*) which later Kurt M. Stein used in his contributions to B.L.T.'s column in the Chicago *Tribune*.

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## II

All these features, together with the fact that Milwaukee still had a large German-speaking and German-reading population, made the *Germania* a paying property. Yet, even in those days there were dour fellows known as efficiency experts. One of them was Herr Fabrikus, who held a high position in the newspaper's business office. A gloomy gumshoe, this Fabrikus, always sniffing for the slipshod.

It happened on one particularly sultry day in late August that Herr Fabrikus came up from his ground floor grotto to the editorial rooms on the seventh floor, carrying in his hand a marked copy of that afternoon's first edition of the *Germania*. Beckoning my father to follow him, he walked into the privately partitioned office of *Chef Redakteur* Gustav Haas, and without announcement. He was that important, was Herr Fabrikus.

When they were seated, across the desk from the ponderous bulk of the managing editor, Herr Fabrikus spread the paper out flat on the desk top.

"This," he said sadly, almost on the verge of tears, "this — this is simply unheard of!"

My father and Herr Haas leaned over and scanned the open page, which was marked here and there with heavy red circles.

"To what do you refer, Herr Fabrikus?" asked Gustav Haas.

"Fourteen typographical errors on page one alone. In the entire edition, if you will count them, forty-six typographical errors. Moreover, three names misspelled. Important names, mind you — names which any ignoramus of a new reporter should know how to spell correctly, and one of them the name of a shareholder, from whom we shall most certainly hear."

"Most unfortunate," sighed Herr Haas, "but such things happen even on the best regulated newspapers. I am sure that if you study the pages of such an English newspaper as the Milwaukee *Journal*, for instance —"

"This we have already done, Herr *Redakteur*," said Herr Fabrikus icily. "And counting column by column there are only one-half the typographical errors one finds in the *Germania*, and their spelling of names shines by comparison. Moreover, I have not finished. If you will kindly turn to page three you will see that I have encircled a certain advertisement. Yes, that is it. As you perceive, it announces the special sale of women's coats at Schuster's Department Store at

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$6.95. The amount should have been $8.95. Schuster's have already called me on the phone, and I verified their ad copy, and they were right. It was the mistake of one of our compositors and if one thousand women, Herr Haas, buy these coats, we shall have to make up the difference, which is $2000. Think of that!"

Herr Haas thought of it, and sighed again.

"But that is not our department," said Herr Haas. "After all — "

"Quite true," admitted Herr Fabrikus. "The ad department is not under your management. Technically, you bear no blame in the matter, but morally you most assuredly do."

"Morally?"

"But of course. You have jurisdiction over this entire floor, which houses both the editorial rooms and the plant of the compositors. You allow certain practices up here which are not tolerated in any other newspaper editorial rooms in the city, and are not even tolerated in our own business offices downstairs. I refer to a certain person in your employment by the name of Heinz."

"Heinz?" cried Herr Haas.

"The *Kesseljunge?*" cried father, furtively wiping his mustache.

"The very same," said Herr Fabrikus, pursing his thin lips. "I had one of our men check up on Heinz only yesterday. And between the hours of 7 A.M. and 3 P.M., which are business hours, mind you, this Heinz was observed making a round trip to the saloon exactly seventy times. Each time he carries twelve buckets of beer. Seventy times twelve is eight hundred and forty. Eight hundred and forty buckets of beer — and then one wonders why we have to pay $2000 for a mistake in an ad made by a fuddled compositor."

"We have a very large staff, counting everybody," Herr Haas tried to explain, "and yesterday was the hottest day of the year."

"Heat or no heat," said Herr Fabrikus sharply, "the thing is indefensible. Typographical errors . . . advertisements bungled . . . the names of important people misspelled — and all on account of that damned bucket boy and your drunken staff."

"Drunkenness," said Gustav Haas positively and with honest vehemence, "is not tolerated on our staff during the working day. I challenge you —"

"Very well, very well," broke in Herr Fabrikus. "At least you cannot deny that alcohol interferes with efficiency. This fact is well

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known and has been accurately established. However, gentlemen, I have not come to deliver a lecture, but to issue an order. One hour ago I had a conference with the business management and the owner, and we arrived at a decision. To make a long matter short, this Heinz is to be discharged immediately and the institution of the bucket boy is to be abolished. However, I assure you we have been perfectly fair in this matter. Considering the heat wave, I have put in a requisition for four ice-water containers in addition to the two which are already on this floor."

"Ice water!" groaned my father, and he whispered into his beard: "Fatal!" And, uttered in German, fahTAHL is a very ominous word, indeed, presaging chaos and catastrophe.

III

Well, there it was. Poor old Heinz stored away his notched poles in a locker, hopefully, for future reference. And after he had drawn his last little pay envelope, he stopped at my father's desk and he said with melancholy, yet with a certain rugged optimism:

"I have given this matter careful thought, Herr Meyer, and I ask you to believe that it will not work out happily for all concerned. Your gentlemen will not thrive on ice water. They will call for the *Kesseljunge* and the *Kesseljunge*, alas, will not be there. Now consider what will happen. You cannot abolish thirst by command, nor can you slake it with water, however nicely it may be iced. Thus they will be compelled to take trips, individually and privately, to the corner saloon for their sips of stimulating lager. Consider again, please, what this means. For every single trip I make with my dozen buckets, they must make twelve. Imagine what a hustling and bustling there will be, what a lamentable wastage of valuable time, what a wear and tear on the passenger elevator, not even to mention the prodigious use of electricity consumed in carrying your gentlemen to their accustomed refreshment. Has Herr Fabrikus considered the frightful consequences of his order, which is, to say the least, revolutionary? I am sure, Herr Meyer, if you will bring these simple facts to his attention he will admit his grievous error and send for me post-haste. He may even, who knows, supply me with a dozen or two new cans, for the old ones are badly dented and some of the handles are loose, which causes

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spillings and gives me worries and anguish."

Thus Heinz ended on a note somewhat hopeful. My father promised that he would do what he could, particularly since he had a personal dietary interest in Heinz's notched-stick enterprise.

As it turned out, however, the morose foreboding of old Heinz was not quite accurate. After the *Kesseljunge* had departed, there was no wild stampede for the elevator, no grievous wastage of electrical juices. Instead, my father's gentlemen, and all the gentlemen of the composing room, as if by common consent, acted with discreet if somewhat dismal decorum.

This should have delighted the statistical soul of Herr Fabrikus. But it did not. Things did not improve on the newspaper. On the contrary, things got worse, much worse. The typographical errors increased to such an alarming degree that when Herr Fabrikus brought up one of his copies with the errors marked in red circles it looked like a convention of bed-bugs on a white sheet.

There were other annoyances. For example, there was the matter of the quarter-page advertisement which broadcast the virtues of a certain patent medicine for women. It was one of those Before and After ads, illustrated with photographs. In some unaccountable manner, the illustrations got mixed. The part of the ad captioned "Before Using Mrs. Juniper's Rejuvenating Compound" flaunted the portrait of a beautiful lady, radiant and rosy and rounded. And the other half of the ad, entitled "After Using Mrs. Juniper's Rejuvenating Compound," displayed the same lady, haggard, hollow, with a tousle of discouraged hair. Not only that, but the second portrait was upside down. Herr Fabrikus, when he viewed it in print, was greatly disheartened.

The climax came with an episode in my father's department. There was an unwritten agreement among the gentle city editors and reporters of that day that the best people, the really nice people, especially if they were connected with advertising revenues, could commit no wrongs. Not major wrongs, like murder, but minor vulgarities, such as being picked up pickled in Juneau Park or trifling illegally with roulette wheels. If the best people did commit such vulgarities, the news of their indiscretions was generously hushed by the newspapers in the interest of public morality and the bursar's office.

It happened, quite by coincidence, that a few days after the

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banishment of Heinz the *Germania* had a front page story written by Dolfee, the police reporter. It was an authentic scoop; no other paper in the city carried it. It simply narrated the fact that a certain Mr. Wimbleton Z. Jones, a department store executive, had been seized in a police raid on a River Street house. The address was good, but unconventional. The story, written with Dolfee's flair for accurate details, went on to relate that Mr. Jones had been captured while fleeing down a fire escape, attired in nothing but a woman's silk night shift which, for some reason unknown to police, he wore as a turban, insisting that he was the Royal Gak of Oomalong. A humane police officer, Dolfee further reported, decently shrouded Mr. Jones in his own coat and took him to the Emergency Hospital where the Gak was resuscitated with a stomach pump and, after paying a fine of $25 and costs in police court, was restored to the bosom of his family at the Jones mansion on Grand Avenue.

It was a sprightly story, but it was not a sprightly Herr Fabrikus who appeared before my father with the home edition clutched in his trembling fingers. The item on page one was encircled in agonized red. Herr Fabrikus was more pallid than usual and his thin lips were absolutely white.

"Herr Meyer," he said, pointing to the item, "this — this is simply unheard of!"

My father glanced at the page with interest and he said brightly:

"Truly said, Herr Fabrikus. The episode is quaint, to say the least. That is why I judged it worthy of page one."

"We are ruined," groaned Herr Fabrikus.

"If it is a libel suit you fear," said my father reassuringly, "pray set your mind at rest. I myself have checked on the facts, which are a matter of court record. The only untruth in the whole episode was uttered by the defendant, Mr. Wimbleton Z. Jones, when he assured the police officer that he was the Royal Gak of Oomalong. I have consulted the latest volume of the peerage directory and find that no such title exists. This is sad, but Mr. Jones, of course, may be forgiven because, under the circumstances of having been caught drunk with nothing on but a lady's night shift worn as a turban, he undoubtedly was in no mood for absolute accuracy."

"Herr Meyer," said Herr Fabrikus stonily, "I have no reference whatever to a libel suit. In fact, you know very well the cause for

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ny agitation. Mr. Jones is an execu-ive of a department store, one of our biggest accounts. I tell you again, we are ruined. This story should never have appeared in our paper."

"We received no instructions from the business office to suppress it."

"Of course not, because we did not know of its existence until it appeared in print and after most of the edition was off the presses. Simple, ordinary, everyday intelligence on the part of your reporters and of you should have dictated that this Jones item should have been suppressed."

"Herr Fabrikus," said my father gravely, "many more things enter into the matter of suppressing news than simple, ordinary, everyday intelligence. For example, you leave out the important item of humaneness. Yes, and of charity and tolerance. When our reporters, Herr Fabrikus, have a sense of well-being, of genial expansiveness, they are inclined to regard human foibles with a much more charitable eye. I regret to inform you, Herr Fabrikus, that our reporters for some days have not experienced the feeling of well-being and benignity. To be precise, not since the departure of Heinz, the *Kesseljunge*."

"Ah!" cried Herr Fabrikus, beginning to smell a spigot.

"These are the simple facts as I have observed them," went on my father. "Ever since the beginning of the regime of ice-water, Herr Fabrikus, our reporters have worked with a diligence that should give you great pleasure. Unhappily, though their diligence is praiseworthy, it is inclined to be ruthless. They bring in items such as they have never brought in before; as, for example, this whimsy about the Royal Gak of Oomalong, which under ordinary circumstances they would have passed by, charitably. The stories, moreover, are undeniably accurate. Accuracy, Herr Fabrikus, thrives on ice water. But humaneness, no!"

"Ah!" cried Herr Fabrikus again, and that was all he said. He was a man to know when he was beaten.

When Heinz was reinstated the following Monday, the old man went to my father and he said:

"Herr Meyer, believe me I feel no sense of triumph in this matter, nor even great surprise, though I confess this turn of events came about a little sooner than I had foreseen. I simply said to my good wife: 'Hannah, feel no concern about our fortunes. I know absolutely that the gentlemen at the *Germania* cannot get along without

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the services of old Heinz and I am fully prepared, Hannah, to demonstrate this proposition mathematically. Multiply eight hundred and forty buckets of beer by eight hundred and forty elevator trips and the result, Hannah, is something beyond all human comprehension. So be assured that all will be well and that presently they will summon me, perhaps even by special messenger, who knows.' That is what I told my good wife, Herr Meyer, and sure enough the special messenger came early this morning. And here I am, very happy, and — and — well, to be sure —"

Thus the old man babbled, with wet eyes, and father uncomfortably ordered him to be on his way and fetch him a bucket of brew. Heinz went to his locker to get his clean white apron and the two notched sticks, and there he found also, of all things, two dozen shining new tin buckets. In the editorial room and in the composing room, Heinz was greeted with a perfect cannonading of "*Kesseljunge! Kesseljunge!*" and the paper ice water cups flew out of the window like confetti.

Thereafter, also, there was marked improvement in the quality of the newspaper. The number of typographical errors decreased, Herr Fabrikus discovered, by exactly 47 per cent. No more hideous upside-down females appeared in the advertisements of Mrs. Juniper's Rejuvenating Compound. And to the huge relief of Herr Fabrikus, the minor peccadillos of the best people did not again appear in print.

My father pointed out to me that all these advancements in the quality of the *Germania* followed close on the heels of the reinstatement of the *Kesseljunge*. He drew no moral from the tale, but, stroking his beard thoughtfully, he observed that it was just one of those happy coincidences which make life, on the whole, a pleasant and an amiable adventure.

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*Letter from London: — mostly about*

# WHY BRITISH SOLDIERS COMPLAIN

By S. L. Solon

Army grousing is a legitimate and necessary soldiers' pastime and it is a poor historian who measures morale by a private's expletives. The legions of Julius Caesar had their sour moments even as the armies of Winston Churchill do now. There is no need to see sedition lurking in every squawk, and mutiny behind every complaint. But those who walk down Civvy Street would be ill-advised to take the soldier and his grievances too much for granted. After all, the war has long ceased to be an exciting novelty for England, and after three war winters, the civilian can scarcely be blamed if he sometimes focuses on his own needs rather than on the needs of the forces. The soldiers' complaints remind him too much of his own exasperations; thereby, they lose the appeal of urgency. Still, like it or not, it is the armed man in battle who must win the war and that is reason enough to give his problems, both psychological and material, a special consideration.

Up to now, the soldier's chief plaint has been his boredom. This does not necessarily mean inactivity. Certainly there is enough training, drill and fatigue to fill the Army man's hours. What he protests, however, is the feeling that too much of his time is taken up with militarily unproductive chores. This feeling irks the Canadians, particularly. A common remark is: "We came here to fight and we've been moseying around for a couple of years repeating what we've already learned." In contrast to the British Army, the Canadians are volunteers, largely unattached, young and bursting for excitement. It is not surprising, therefore, that several hell-raisers in their ranks have bucked up against the law and been involved in some unsavory messes.

The British soldier, who is usually a man with a family and has domestic problems to concern him, is inclined to take a longer view and a more sober perspective of the war's course. He is able to go home when he gets leave and, while family responsibilities may tend to in-



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hibit his spirit of adventure, close contact with wife and children keeps his life on a fairly normal plane. Tommy's chief concern is his family and his primary worry is finances. There are not many British soldiers who can vie with their Empire and American allies in spending money at the "pubs." The thirty-odd dollars a month which the Canadian or American private gets is usually spent on himself. The British married soldier, after family allowances are met, is left with only a few cents a day spending money.

Last winter, after months of controversy over soldiers' pay, it was proposed in Parliament that allowances should be increased so that a soldier's wife would get eight dollars a week plus about $2.25 for each child, the soldier to be given thirty cents a day for himself. The Government rejected this far from generous plan, although the increase would have cost no more than four hundred million dollars — less than nine days' current British war expenditure. In this debate, Captain G. C. Grey reported the remark of a soldier: "It seems to me that cannon-fodder is the only form of unrationed commodity available in unlimited quantities at pre-war prices." Captain Grey commented to his Parliamentary colleagues: "That is a bitter remark, but there are tens of thousands of men who feel bitter, too." Lieutenant Commander Gurney Braithwaite told Parliament that, once a fortnight, he was not proud of the House of Commons. That was when he "stood at the naval pay table and witnessed the pay of naval ratings, knowing what they had done and seeing what they had drawn." Thousands of young men were being financially ruined, he told the House. "We are laying up an awful legacy of social unrest when this war comes to a conclusion."

The concessions made by the government after this debate were to raise children's allowances by twenty cents a week and agree to bank ten cents a day for each soldier toward a post-war bonus. In addition, the compulsory allotment of the married soldier for his family was reduced by half, which increased his spending allowance by seventy cents a week. Thus, the overall increase for a soldier with a wife and three children amounted to 8½ per cent — from $12 to $13 a week. The real value of this amount in terms of rent and basic foods is slightly more than it would be in the United States, but in terms of clothing, cigarettes, "luxuries," it represents considerably less.

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A general Army horse-laugh greeted the announcement that the increased allowances would be tax-exempt. An active officer, writing in *Reynolds News*, summarized the Army's reaction brusquely: "The effect of this niggardly, grudging 'extra' will not be to induce a feeling of thankfulness in the troops. . . . On the contrary, it will increase the widespread sense of economic grievance and injustice prevalent in the forces. It does nothing to remove the feeling that the fighter's job is a sweated trade. The service man demands a decent wage for his work. . . ." Major Haden Guest added, in Parliament: "We have no time to play around like this with the morale of the men."

There appears to be little doubt that hidebound notions of economy afflict the Treasury whenever service pay is brought into question. You can't argue about the cost of a battleship or a bomber as you can about a soldier's pay. The cost of equipment is fixed; manpower is "flexible." The *Financial News*, which favors higher service pay, points out that considerations of "expense" are "meaningless in a war economy, where what can be 'afforded' is to be judged not by money, but by physical resources. An improvement in service allowances, coupled with more comprehensive rationing, would merely have the desirable effect of insuring a more equitable distribution of scarce goods." To that hard kernel of Right opinion which holds that there is no point to a discussion of the fighting man's wages, since his sacrifice cannot be measured in mundane terms, there is, of course, no answer except the Cockney's incredulous "Blimey!"

## II

Another thorn in the soldier's side is the question of promotion. Despite War Office assertions, I have yet to meet a Tommy who does not believe that influence, class and the old school tie play an important role in officer selection. A popular belief is that Hore-Belisha, during his short term in the War Office at the outbreak of the war, attempted the democratization of the Army, but that the old system has been revived since his dismissal. Certainly, there are few external signs today of the reforms which were eulogized in 1939, when many officers were commissioned from the ranks and disdained the curious pomp of the traditional officer caste. An English observer, David Scott, who cannot be charged with looking at the change through preju-

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diced, overseas eyes, wrote in the *New Statesman:*

> The new generation of subalterns, with the approval or by the orders of reactionary commanding officers, have gone back to the polished cross straps, swagger canes, and Mayfair moustaches of another day. The officers' mess is again a class stronghold into which men who may be fine soldiers, but are not considered "sahibs," find their way with difficulty. Our new conscript armies are less democratic than our professional army of two years ago.

The commissioning of officers was, and still remains, a largely arbitrary affair. In the first rush to build a mass army, thousands of public school boys were sent to officer training schools with nothing better to recommend them than their school accents and certificates. These presumably were guarantees that, being gentlemen, they would also make good officers. Selection became more rigorous later, but even now complaints are frequently heard that some examining boards appear more interested in class background than in the more relevant military and intellectual attributes of applicants. One man who applied for a commission was asked by the chairman of an examining board: "Have you ever ridden to hounds?" Another question which often crops up is, "Have you any private income?" It was put even more bluntly to one RAF man I know: "Can you afford to be an officer?" The questioner was quite sincere in claiming to have the interests of the applicant at heart, because in many units, the expenses of a junior officer, if he is to keep his end up at mess, entertainment, etc., exceeds his salary. If he hasn't a private source to draw upon, his life becomes a constant embarrassment. For that reason, too, many qualified men prefer to remain in the ranks rather than accept commissions. It has been charged openly in Parliament that "the nation is losing the leadership of some fine men, who will not become officers because of the financial hardship it would entail for their families." Maximum mess charges were established recently, however, and soon the prices of officers' uniforms will be controlled. This will reduce, to some extent, the burdens of the junior officer.

The absence of democratic élan in the Army's leadership is not difficult to understand. Most of the higher-ranking officers come from the military and political background of the last generation. It is they who had the task of organizing and training the present mass army. Naturally, they did not discard their ingrained social philosophy automatically with the as-

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sumption of the new job of building a democratic army. Many of these men are convinced that only "public school" graduates make adequate officers. A Colonel Bingham, in charge of an officers' training school, admitted this prejudice in a letter to the *Times*. He further asserted that officers who had not been educated in public schools failed to make the grade in action. Colonel Bingham was retired subsequently — not for holding these views, but for violating the King's Regulations by taking part in a press controversy. Many, if not most, of the officers responsible for the training of the Army nevertheless hold similar views. The amazing fact is that this snob tradition continues to play an important role, although Parliament has excoriated it time and again. Not long ago, a member of the House was cheered when he asserted: "The old school tie method of selecting officers has not yet been quite eliminated from Army methods."

This issue goes to the root of the military organization. The rank and file of the Army today is made up of literate, self-respecting, democratic men who detest the dictators and their totalitarian methods. They know that it is impossible to build an army without discipline and a large measure of regimentation and they are prepared to submit, but they resent the archaic remnants of the feudal psychology so dear to the heart of the martinet. They resent being talked to and ordered around as though they were illiterate clods whose least expression of independence is to be stamped out ruthlessly. The modern soldier finds unnecessary forms of military subservience worse than irksome. He finds them symbolic of the totalitarianism he is fighting against. He sees no reason for the perpetual saluting, the ridiculous "sirring," the donkey-like posture before interrogating officers. In a citizen army, the standards of background, education and intelligence as between officers and men are not of such character as to justify the military caste traditions.

The system of military batmen has also come in for recent vigorous press criticism. In fact, after hearing the opinions of a good many soldiers, there is little doubt in my mind that the soldier-servant institution has outlived its usefulness. The fact that the Australians, Canadians and Americans are soft-pedalling military formalism to some extent, reducing saluting to a minimum and condoning fraternization off duty between officers and men, is having a certain influence on the British attitude. Behind the

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story of the government's warning to the saucy tabloid *Daily Mirror* is the fact that the *Mirror* is read for its tart and sensational criticism of Colonel Blimpism in military matters and in government. The criticism is very often not substantiated, but it is always biting and the paper is exceedingly popular with the forces. Consequently, Mr. Herbert Morrison's warning irked many of the Army readers of the *Mirror*. They felt it was unjustified action against a paper which has struck some effective, if occasionally wild, blows in their behalf. There are, in fact, no real channels by which the soldier may communicate and argue his doubts and grievances. He is, therefore, dependent on casual criticism and wildcat journalism to plead his case.

However, and in spite of all this, the coming of spring has given a lift to everyone, civilian and service man alike. The feeling is that big doings can be expected, and despite the long string of gloomy winter disasters, the keynote is optimism.

## III

London night life is careening along its sex-conscious way. The theatres close down at about 8:30 and after that there are the little "clubs" which manage to escape early closing regulations by specious "membership rolls." The mood is one of strained gaiety; frazzled nerves find momentary easement. Beer is getting weaker and hard liquor scarcer. A wine company sent a notice to its customers offering to buy back what bottles they had left at a considerable increase. More than one exhausted family fortune is being rehabilitated by a well-stocked cellar put on the open market.

Donald Wolfit, who matches Orson Welles in versatility and beats him in technique, has completed an excellent Elizabethan season. After presenting several plays of Shakespeare, he wound up with a lusty, rousing, brilliant performance of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. Wolfit lacks the delicate posturing of Maurice Evans and the sombre resonance of John Gielgud, but the sheer gusto and fever of his productions contribute an authentic flavor which has all but disappeared from the present-day, watered-down Elizabethan stage.

The American troops in town have taken to London like ducks to water. Now that MacArthur is Allied Hero No. 1, the Yanks have clear sailing in the taverns and

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among the wenches. They find the city dim, the phone service stuttering and the weather so-so, but there is real affection in the atmosphere. Besides, they can always fall back on their super-deluxe rations, and in a country where bananas have passed into folklore and the months are measured in eggs, this counts for something.

Sir Stafford Cripps' campaign to do away with dog racing, boxing and similar displays which, he says "are completely out of accord with the true spirit of determination of the people," finds little response, as far as I can see, among the folk of factory, field and forces with whom I have talked. Most of them do a hard day's work, and if they like to follow the races in their few free hours, they feel it is their own business. "'E 'ad to go to the country for a week to think that one up," was the succinct comment of a lorry-driver on the Cripps idea.

Glancing at a sheaf of London dailies gives one the impression that the only hard-working people are the editorial writers. Every man is made out to be an indolent lout, who shirks when he can, guzzles more than he should, smokes from morning to night, absents himself from work to sit at the races and throws his 'bus tickets away instead of giving them to the paper salvage. I am still looking for this knave, but I can't find him. The people I meet appear to be doing a long day's work. They get along on substantial but monotonous food, smoke when they can get cigarettes and often do without, carry a rifle in the Home Guard on their day off, or stand fireguard, and share their matches with their fellow men.

"During the Renaissance," says the historian Burkhardt, "the average man had two desires: to own a suit of clothes and not to be stabbed to death." Things are altogether different under our present totalitarian Renaissance. For who would think of using the dagger today?

— Max Nomad.

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# THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPS STUDYING

MOST PEOPLE realize that a life insurance agent is usually a man who "likes people" and wants to help them.

What isn't so obvious is that *wanting* to be helpful isn't enough. An agent must also *know how* . . . and *that* requires knowing how changing conditions affect policyholders.

For instance, agents today must be able to answer such new questions as: "Is my life insurance affected by the new war clauses?" . . . "How may my life insurance be tied in with my Social Security?" . . . "Do the new taxes require any change in my life insurance arrangements?" . . . and scores of other questions arising from changing conditions.

An agent is always "going to school" because, policyholders are continually confronted with new life insurance problems. As they arise the agent must be ready with advice and counsel. Accordingly, he prepares himself in many ways; for example, he attends educational meetings and takes correspondence courses. His studies begin the first day he enters the business and continue until he retires.

Last year, many Metropolitan Managers and Assistant Managers

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*This is Number 49 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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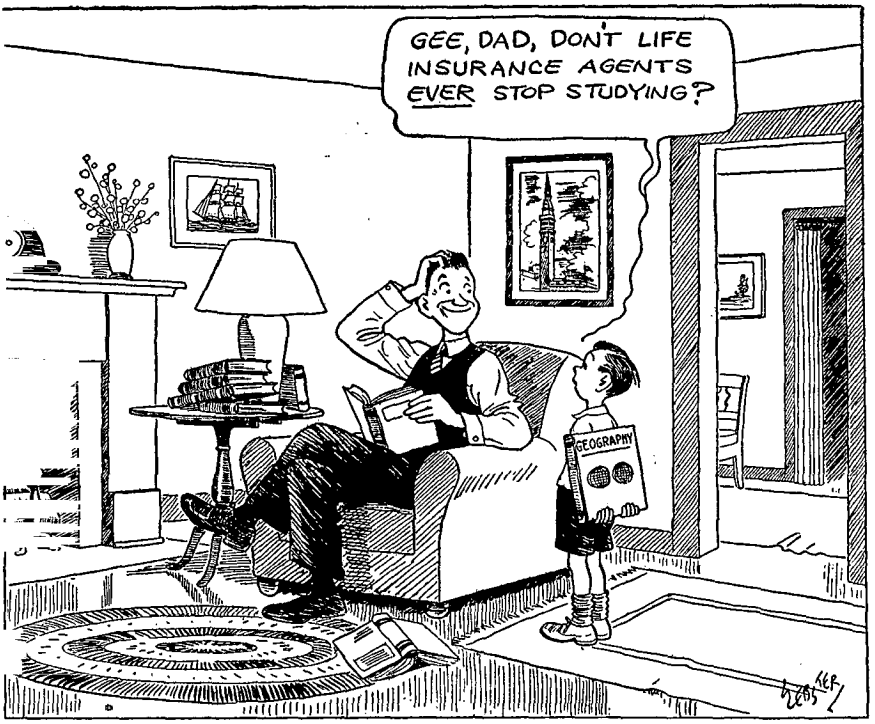


who supervise and train agents, attended 91 special three-week schools. Additional schools are now in progress. Field training instructors are constantly at work with the agents both in the field and in classrooms. Nearly a thousand field-men are enrolled in, or have completed, the course which brings the coveted designation, "Chartered Life Underwriter."

In short, keeping abreast of new developments and how they affect your life insurance program is a big part of the field man's responsibilities. If you are a Metropolitan policyholder these facts are worth keeping in mind.

When problems arise in connection with your life insurance, remember that your agent has probably been confronted with the same questions before. He will be glad to help you . . . to give you the benefit of his knowledge, training, and experience...to seek, when necessary, the benefit of the advice of Home Office specialists.



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*How a correspondent discovered the primitive heroism of Russia.*

# FLOYD GIBBONS AND THE FAMINE

By Helen Augur

When Floyd Gibbons, Raymond Gram Swing and I cabled home the first news of the Russian famine in 1921, we really did not tell what happened at Stavropol Landing. We could not describe a miracle in a press dispatch, though a few hints did get woven into the news account. Swing and I agreed that some day the ironic tale should be set down, and here, after more than twenty years, I am doing so. We had watched the great reporter come into Russia like a big game hunter and get his story. Yet we saw him licked and weeping, because now his quarry would pursue him for the rest of his life.

The Great Gibbons, whose mind worked in eight-column streamers, came into Russia that summer because it was forbidden territory. He hoped to make an illegal foray into the USSR by plane, but came in tamely on the Moscow train with his passport duly visaed, and two rival correspondents along. However, he created enough melodrama to feed the headlines in his Chicago *Tribune*, and keep up the Gibbons legend. That was his real work. People read his stories not for information but for the sort of daily thrill they get nowadays from radio serials. A Gibbons dispatch was an account of personal adventure. He had been torpedoed on the *Laconia* and beseiged at Cameron Dam, he had campaigned with Villa in Mexico and lost an eye covering the Western Front. His conspicuous eyepatch made him look like a big, good-natured pirate.

We left for Samara in a *wagon-lit* full of doctors about to survey the famine. Floyd had to suffer as rivals Swing of the New York *Herald* and John Graudenz of the United Press; I didn't count because I was labor press and a green kid. Our courier, Leo Wolf, was of course a Cheka spy, but we got very fond of him. Graudenz was a dim soul, sympathetic, a good photographer. It was Raymond who offered an almost comical contrast to Floyd, Raymond the sensitive, a bit baggy at the knees,



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whose manner was so mild that it took a while to discover the quality of his brain that went down like a drill to find the truth.

Floyd, of course, was generalissimo, and he was a good one. He looked military in his good gaberdine uniform and polished puttees, he was erect and crisp and clean, and had picked up a hard blue stare from the AEF command. The war was still on, to Floyd, but just now the hatred he cherished for the Boches was transferred to the Russians, all 150,000,000 of them. He rather hoped the famine was a Bolshevik fraud, so he could show up the Russians to the last moujik.

He laid down our policy about food, which was sound enough. Our job was to rush the story home, if there was a famine, so the relief boats then loading in New York harbor would hurry over. We couldn't feed everybody, so we must feed nobody at all. We took along just enough stores for the five of us, and three times a day, until we got to Samara, we shut ourselves in the press compartment and Floyd rationed out our food. The Russian doctors in the car were secretive about their meals, too.

As we followed the great river plains south, they got drier, and embers from the smoke stack started fires along the tracks. Then we began to notice the birds, flying north against the season, wheeling and wheeling, never swooping down. The frantic birds were just ahead of the human fugitives. At Simbirsk, and farther south at Syzran, we found the peasants heaped along the rusted tracks, the roads, the station platforms. They had come from their villages hoping for trains to take them anywhere, but there were no trains. So they lay piled up like sacks of bones, and the dust blew over them, and plagues visited these bones and hastened death. They were without sound or motion, and yet they were alive. When Floyd pushed through a group of women beside the track and came back to tell us a baby was being born, we looked at him incredulously.

At dawn the next morning I saw a camel caravan against the horizon, and my mind followed it east to the meadows of Turkestan. When I woke up again the car was standing on a Samara siding, in the midst of Inferno. I dressed reluctantly, and when I went to the car door, Floyd was on the steps talking to two youngsters. They were still like real children, we might even get them to smile.

The little boy was taking care of

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his younger sister, keeping her close at his side, with his sheepskin coat around them both. Evidently they were all alone in the world. Most of the famine children died parentless. The boy was doing his best. Floyd had found him playing scavenger, walking slowly along the tracks as everybody had learned to do, because people in trains sometimes threw refuse out of the windows. He had found some cooked fish heads, and now he carefully chewed off the bits of flesh and put them in his sister's mouth, and she looked at him out of her great eyes like a young robin. Floyd vanished, and came back with bread and meat. The children ate awkwardly, they had forgotten how to manage a whole slice of bread.

"You're doing fine," Floyd encouraged them.

They didn't eat all Floyd's dole, being too famine-wise. The boy put part of the food away under his little blouse, but Floyd gently put it back into his hands, making gestures toward the car to show it was full of good things. "You eat this up, and then come back for more," he said. They nodded. There was no language difficulty down on the Volga. We knew the word for bread, *khlieb*, and negative, *niet*, and that was famine language enough: *no bread.* Floyd waved the youngsters goodbye, and then looked at me as if I were going to remind him of the rule he had laid down.

"Those kids —" he mumbled.

## II

Back in the press compartment he was the high-powered reporter again. The famine must keep its distance. The air was pestilential dust; cholera, typhus, plagues and vermin of every sort threatened us. We would take such-and-such precautions. Then — the story looked big; we'd see the Governor first.

Governor Vladimir Sokolsky was starving with his province; his yellow skin told us that. In Samara,[1] the worst of the twelve famine provinces, a million people would soon die. Moscow had promised help. Meanwhile the city was stampeded by refugees, and there was nothing for them, no food or beds or medicines, not even wood to give them hot water for baths.

We went through the charnel house of Samara city and saw figures of frightfulness, degradation, and soundless woe that once had been human. The Governor told us it was worse in the river villages, where they hadn't even the famine

[1] Now called Kuibyshev.

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bread of dried melon rinds, bark and weeds. In the villages, he said, they were eating clay. Floyd made him tell us what happens to eaters of clay. We had seen these macabre skeletons with balloon bellies. Floyd cabled over thousands of words, and asked to see the up-river villages.

Early the next morning the Governor's secretary took us to the boat the starving and depleted province had provided us, a tremendous sidewheeler, like a Hudson River excursion boat, with a crew of thirty, staterooms, and a red plush lounge with a billiard table. We were still numb with city horrors, but it was a golden day at the end of August, and the great maternal river comforted us. Russia's central plains seemed familiar to us midwest Americans, and we began talking of early fall days when we were children, of Harvest Home and bonfires and the rich festivals of autumn. We escaped to the security and blessedness of childhood. And when, seven hours up the river, we reached Stavropol Landing with its docks and warehouse, we saw bowers of fresh oak and pine branches on the high bank, and smelled burning leaves.

And then we really rejoiced, for Floyd discovered that the little mountain of sacks on the shore, guarded by one drowsy Red soldier, was grain. It had been dropped a day or so before by a Soviet boat, 300 tons of rye grain, millions of loaves of bread. *Khlieb!* We rolled the good soft word on our tongues. Were the Volga peasants saved? We went up toward the camp gaily. A sound stopped us dead. It was an ugly, animal snarl. A woman under a roof of boughs had been leaning over a tiny form on a pallet, now she straightened and looked directly at me. She snarled at me because I was full of rich blood. She shook her empty breast at me.

So we stood there, with the bottom fallen out of the world again, and the people edged out of their huts and came down to us. They were beautiful — blonde and tall and proud. They had escaped the dust and plagues of the cities, here hunger was as clean as their bones. All the way from the Volga to the Pacific, long before Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, there had been people like these, wearing sheepskin coats with the wool inside, using wooden plows. The mild, noble people who inherit the earth, no matter what conqueror has just passed by . . . and who perish with the earth.

Floyd made them a speech, with Wolf interpreting. Their brothers

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in America were sending food. He went on and on, and they listened patiently. America? It was a distant province. Ships crossing the sea? They had little idea what an ocean was. But a magnificent patriarch knew that his grandson had "two days more," and a woman plucked my sleeve and warned me, "Don't go into the villages, or your heart will crack." Then Raymond remembered the grain on the shore, and pointed. "*Khlieb?*"

"*Niet khlieb!*" They were all talking at once, furious at our stupidity, we city folks with promises. "Not bread. It is seed for the fall sowing." For the first time they began to weep. We stared at them, dumbfounded. Even if Moscow said this was seed grain, why should they carry their dead to the little cemetery behind their huts, dozens every day, when bread was on the shore? The explanation was so simple, it lay so deep in their minds, that it became clear to us only in the shape of their thoughts.

"There is the seed," they said. "It must be planted now, so that there will be bread next year. But we have left our farms, and will never go back. We came here hoping that boats would save us and our children. Three times a day the boats stop here, and go away again. Now the Little Father Lenin has sent us the seed grain, and we are grieved that he has not heard how we have left our villages and are going to die soon. Nobody is left to plow and plant, so next year there will be great hunger, and the whole world will die."

So they wept, for themselves, and for the world that would be left hungry without them. Their river was not called Mother Volga for her warmth and sweetness alone; all Russia was suckled at her breast. Now the milk had failed, as in the breasts of the women. They could understand that when the rains failed they must perish with the fields. It was the useless seed on the shore that made their fate so bitter. And we asked them why they did not eat this seed. Would a man devour his own children? Would a peasant steal what belongs to tomorrow? (In later years, when we told our American friends of this episode, they received it with wonder, and with doubt. That strange, unmystical identification between man and earth, did not make sense to urbanized minds.)

We left them after a while and went back to our boat. We had two loaves of bread, and some tinned food. But there were hundreds of people —

"All right, all right." Floyd's

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voice was a harsh croak. "We're Americans, and it's our business to feed these people, and not make so damn many promises about boats that are just loading up now in New York. Let's get a little action here."

All through the famine area there was a little bread, for huge prices in rubles. By dusk some of the boat crew that Floyd had sent scattering through the villages were back. Thirty loaves. We could feed the younger children, and the mothers with newborn babies. We sent word up to the encampment, and went half way up the bank to a level place. The boat people brought a table, and began to cut the dark loaves.

III

There was a sudden rush down from the leafy huts, a desperate, primitive rush like thirst-maddened cattle finding water. It was terrifying. Hunger stampeded down the slope, the whole brute force of Hunger rushed down on us. And stopped, seeing the bread. Then the people stretched out in a quiet line, nearest us the tall mothers with their little blue ghosts of babies, in front of them their children. The men and older children stood farther away from the bread. The line spread and darkened in the growing night, and still the weaker ones, the old people, came down and stood behind the others, until hundreds were there.

Humanity stood there, with its hunger. And our poor loaves. No Christ was there, no miracle to feed this multitude. The boat people began giving bread to the mothers, and as they took it a light came into their faces as if the slanting sun touched first one face, then another. Then the light went out, and the mothers bent their heads over the bread and wept. The children stood holding the bread with both hands, not the smallest child nibbled at his bit of food. Our dole was plainly exhausted. But they waited. There was something we must do. . . .

I have no idea how long this pause lasted, and little hope of making what happened to us seem real. For modern people reality exists in the busy surface of the brain, and our minds had stopped. They had been in the way, and now we were thinking in our hearts.

At first we felt a cold current running between us and that dark line of peasants. We were separated from them by Fate, History, what you will. The moujiks must perish, we must live. As if we Westerners,

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standing safe in the year 1921, saw flowing past us the vast and timeless stream of humanity, forever dying, and surviving forever. It was night now, and the faces were dim. Were these the people we had seen this afternoon, or had they vanished, and others taken their places? We were cut off from these shadows, neither dead nor living.

We couldn't bear this separation, and this loss. We began to feel insecure, and very lonely. As if the peasant hands that sowed tomorrow's bread were the only ones we could trust with our own future. These were no shadows, they were our neighbors, and we were giving them this last affront, a dole from our secure lives, made for our own comfort. We longed to tell them how much more than this poor bit of bread we wanted to give them, and could not. If we could, we would cross the gulf and stand in the other line, with them. But there was no gulf. They had waited patiently for us to see that nothing can divide a man and his brother but their will to be apart. And now thoughts passed between us and the peasants, for we were bound together in the deepest sacrament men know.

The bread was not food to us now, and though it was the hardest thing we ever did, we broke the bitter bread with our neighbors and ate.

It was black night when we went back to our boat. We couldn't separate to staterooms, we stayed together in the garish lounge, pretending to nap on the dusty divans, pretending we couldn't sleep because there were so many fleas. We grumbled and joked about the fleas, because it was good to be together and say anything that came into our heads. Soon, in Berlin and Paris and Rome, we would be fussy about meals and too much in a hurry and a bit cynical, as newspaper people are. But we would remember the death of our brothers on the high Volga bank, and remember what they taught us: No fate is too hard, and no bread too little, if only you share it, all of you.

Floyd had stretched out on the billiard table, but the fleas were there, too. He got up and paced the floor, and the tears ran down from his hard china-blue eye. He paced back and forth across the tawdry saloon, his soldier boots clicking at the turns, and threshed his arms and wept, because there was no getting into words how he felt about the people on the bank.

"Damn it," he roared finally, "they're no goddamned Boches.

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These people were our allies in the War."

Raymond and I looked at each other. We were thinking, he's come through, as far as he possibly can. He's saying, in his soldier-talk, that these men are his brothers. He suffered in the War, so he has put the suffering of the peasants in the biggest terms he knows. But his mind can't cross the trenches.

The other day, for the first time, I read what Floyd wrote that night. The newspaper was brown, and crumbled under my fingers. I found what I wanted, but didn't quite expect, in one labored, honest sentence:

*We, who gave the bit of food, received more good from it than those who received it, because in a measure it atoned for the fact that we had in our bodies the warmth of ample food, and were wearing whole clothes, and were housed on a boat, while 400 fellow-humans of our color and belief in our God were dying miserably within a stone's throw.*

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*"We must have a great victory in Russia — to celebrate the first anniversary of the annihilation of the Red Army."*

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# THE SHARERS

## *A Story*

By Richard Sullivan

At five minutes to nine that Friday morning, Mr. Burns, — plump, untidy, gray-tweeded — came scooting out of Room 303 of the Arts and Letters Building. In the corridor he was immediately surrounded by a dozen students from his eight o'clock American Lit class, which had just ended. The students were all taller than Mr. Burns, and in their midst, desperately clasping five books and a straggling set of class papers to his chest, he looked very little and harried. With a series of sidesteps and murmurs he slipped out of the heavy traffic of the corridor and hurried down the side hall toward the third-floor faculty room. He bumped the door open with his elbow. Mr. Pennoyer, inside the room hanging his overcoat on the hall tree, looked around.

"Morning!" puffed Mr. Burns.

"Hah," said Mr. Pennoyer. His voice was rather flutelike — high and windy. He was a little, spruce, pot-bellied man in a dark blue suit with emphatic pin stripes. He patted his halo of fuzzy white hair with one hand as, leaning backward, he peered at Mr. Burns. "Careful!" he chirped. Mr. Burns was balancing on one leg in the doorway, trying with an upraised knee to keep his books and papers from slipping. "Easy!" advised Mr. Pennoyer.

Mr. Burns struggled across the room and plumped his armful down on the glossy tabletop beside Mr. Pennoyer's neat black briefcase. "Whew!" he said, and fished a crumpled pack of cigarettes out of his vest pocket.

"All through?" asked Mr. Pennoyer, peering down at the books.

"Another one at ten," sighed Mr. Burns.

"What's that?"

"Another at ten!" cried Mr. Burns.

"Don't hitch." Mr. Pennoyer pulled out his watch, puffed out his pink cheeks at it, and reached for his briefcase. "Eight and ten



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for you. Nine and eleven for me. Dovetail."

"Well," said Mr. Burns, "we fill out the morning." He scratched a kitchen match on his shoe and lit a rather battered cigarette. From a near-by chair he picked up his overcoat.

Mr. Pennoyer paused on his way to the door. "Hah," he said, and stopped, wheeled and eyed Mr. Burns anxiously for an instant. He took a few quick steps forward as he spoke: "Ever have a student named John Blake Lee?"

"Blakeley?" Mr. Burns was wrestling with a torn sleeve lining in his overcoat.

"Blake-Lee." Mr. Pennoyer's fluty voice went up a note. "John-Blake-Lee."

"I'd have to look at my class book," said Mr. Burns. "I don't think so. John Blake Lee. No, no, I don't think —"

Mr. Pennoyer seemed disappointed. "Senior last year," he explained. "Graduated in June. Don't remember him myself. Wondered if he was in your department."

Mr. Burns shook his head.

"Well," announced Mr. Pennoyer rather sharply, "he was killed yesterday."

Mr. Burns' vague look became a frown. "No!" he murmured.

"Plane crash," Mr. Pennoyer went on. "Flying cadet. One of that group they formed last spring." He kept peering at Mr. Burns as if expecting him to interrupt. "Heard it on the radio while I was having my breakfast. Said he was one of our men."

Mr. Burns clicked his tongue. "Horrible," he said. Smoke rising from the cigarette between his lips made him squint. He put his hat on. Mr. Pennoyer, leaning back, nodded anxiously at him. Mr. Burns knew that he should say something appropriate. He looked hastily around the faculty room. "Horrible!" he said again. He wished the old man wouldn't peer at him so expectantly. Old fusser, he thought.

Just then the nine o'clock bell rang. Mr. Pennoyer scurried to the door. "Thought you might have known the boy," he said over his shoulder.

"No," said Mr. Burns, "no . . ." Outside in the hall he remembered his rubbers and went back to put them on. They were too big; they kept slipping at the heels as he went down the three flights of stairs. But as soon as he got outside, he forgot his irritation at them.

It had begun to snow early that morning; now the long quadrangle

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lay fresh and white in the sun. Mr. Burns was rather sleepy and very hungry, but as he stepped out into all that brightness and felt the sting of a few grainy snowflakes blowing against his cheeks, he suddenly felt happy. Beautiful, he thought, beautiful. The trees were black in the sun-filled air. A student in an emerald-green stocking cap ran by him panting, "Morning, Mr. Burns!" "Morning," he said, "a-a-ah." He groped for the student's name; he'd had him in class, remembered where he sat in the room, left end of the second row, Dillon, Dolan, something like that. Some men could remember all the names; he never could.

II

He walked past the old, gray-brick buildings with the round towers, then turned into the new campus, past the tan-brick halls with glowing red-tile roofs. I'll read them Elinor Wylie next hour, he thought — the sharp, silent air, the hush of falling snow. Behind him a voice called, "Hey, Dipper!" They really ring, thought Mr. Burns, voices really ring in the cold. He felt pleased at the discovery. Three students passing him said, "Morning, Mr. Burns," in a kind of clear, rising, masculine chant that hung in the air after they had passed. I wonder if they know, thought Mr. Burns, if they really know right now how good this is. He looked up at Science Hall as he passed it, brown and solid, its copper screens glittering, snow on the window sills, snow on the dead vines. I wonder if they really know, he thought.

Eleven years he'd been teaching here now; he'd started as a graduate assistant. He knew how good the place was. Not any cheap sentiment either, he thought, no school-spirit stuff — I really love it; it's a good place; it's beautiful, peaceful; I hope I never have to leave. "Morning, Mr. Burns," someone called to him. "Morning," he said. They know after they're gone, though, he thought; last year's seniors come back to visit, the ones who drop out write you those stiff, carefully revised letters telling you they certainly do remember your classes with pleasure, sir. When they're gone they begin to remember; they get homesick, school-sick. He turned up the walk to the cafeteria. But I wonder if they ever *know*, right at the moment, right now. "Morning, a-a-ah," he said to a thin, dark-faced student, who held open the outside caf door for him. "How are you this morning?" Some men

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could remember all the names; he never could. He shook his head and pushed open the inner door.

The steamy, cinnamon-fragrant, hot coffee and bacon smell of the café enveloped him and he felt a sudden overwhelming desire for food. He began pulling off his overcoat as he walked through the babble of voices, the clink of dishes, the bright rattle of silverware. He threw his hat and coat on a chair at an empty table, kicked off his rubbers, and looked around. About half the tables were occupied; down near the water cooler he saw old Woodicut, whose early morning greeting was, "Ho-ho, Burns! Wife won't get you breakfast at home, eh? Ho-ho, Burns!" I have to get up earlier, he thought, as he piled knife, fork and spoon on his tray. Have breakfast at home with Ellen and the kids. Too expensive this way. I oversleep two mornings out of four. Eat breakfast before class like a sensible man.

"Bacon sandwich, please," he told the girl at the steam-counter. "On toast, Mr. Burns?" She knows my name but I don't know hers, he thought.

"On white bread today," he said. But by gosh somebody ought to tell old Woodicut he's not funny. He took his bacon sandwich, moved along, laid a half-grapefruit on his tray, got coffee. "Cream on the side, please." Then he dodged down the aisle toward his own table.

"Hey!"

He looked toward the next aisle and saw McGraw sitting there, lean and sallow, blinking at him through thick glasses and beckoning with a small piece of doughnut. "Well!" said Mr. Burns happily and turned toward McGraw's table.

"You know Meyers, don't you?" said McGraw, nodding at the yellow-haired young man sitting opposite him at the table.

"We've seen each other around," said Meyers, jumping up. "How are you, Mr. Burns?"

Setting his tray down in order to shake hands, Mr. Burns spilled a quarter of a cup of coffee.

"Here, let me get you another," cried Meyers.

"No, no!"

"Sit down, both of you," said McGraw. "I want you to hear this, Burnsie. You can be referee. We've been discussing the elements of pity and terror in tragedy. Meyers is in my drama class. He's a brilliant young man, even if his hair is wavy. Eh, Meyers?"

Meyers grinned.

"Now, Meyers," said McGraw,

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"pity and terror, eh? Very well. We say war is a tragedy, eh? We also say if a man slips off a stepladder and breaks his neck, leaving a wife and seventeen children, that *that* is a tragedy, eh? Very well. But you just explain to me, Meyers, what makes the war like the stepladder? Just explain *that* to me, Meyers."

Mr. Burns spooned out his grapefruit and munched the bacon sandwich. He felt increasingly content. Meyers and McGraw chattered. He didn't pay much attention to their talk, but he watched their expressions: the dark, proud, mocking face of McGraw, quick and mobile behind the glittering, thick glasses; the clear, clean features of Meyers, very young, very blue-eyed. Mac's proud of the boy, thought Mr. Burns, sipping coffee. That's what it is, he's showing him off to me. And he shifted his chair slightly to get a better view of them both.

Meyers was talking; he dropped a cigarette butt in his coffee cup and smiled. Nice manner, thought Mr. Burns, charming. "That's what Johnny used to say," Meyers was telling McGraw. "He used to say there wasn't any tragedy possible if you took a really long-range look at things."

"Now wait," said McGraw. "That's misquoting Johnny." He turned to Mr. Burns. "Did you know Johnny Lee?"

"Johnny Lee? John Blake Lee?" said Mr. Burns, groping; and then triumphantly he cried: "Oh, yes! Yes! No, that is, I didn't know him, but I heard about him."

They both looked at him rather strangely.

"Isn't that what you mean?" said Mr. Burns, feeling rather baffled.

They stared at him.

"About his being killed?" asked Mr. Burns.

Meyers very slowly backed his chair away from the table. He looked over at McGraw.

"No!" snorted McGraw.

"Yes, really!" said Mr. Burns. "I thought that's what you — I didn't mean to — Pennoyer just told me. He heard it on the radio."

Meyers was still staring. His eyes were a very bright blue. "I just had a letter from Johnny," he said, as if explaining something difficult. "It couldn't be Johnny."

"You got the name wrong, Burnsie!" cried McGraw.

"No," said Mr. Burns. "No. A flying cadet, wasn't he? I wouldn't have mentioned it this way if I thought you both hadn't heard. But I got the name right. I thought Pennoyer said Blakeley."

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## III

Meyers shook his head impatiently. He jumped up and threaded through chairs and tables to the cigar counter. He grabbed a newspaper from the top of a pile and shook it out straight. He looked very intense and — vulnerable, thought Mr. Burns miserably — yes, very vulnerable standing there in the aisle, reading. My God, thought Mr. Burns, I hope it isn't so.

"Did he know him well, Mac?" he asked.

"Roommates for two years," said McGraw sharply.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Mr. Burns. They were both watching Meyers.

"Well," said McGraw, "after all, you didn't know."

Meyers came back to the table.

"All right," cried McGraw, "what's the paper say?"

Meyers looked at McGraw, started to answer, then jerked his head to one side. Mr. Burns was horrified then to see tears suddenly gush out of Meyers' blue eyes. He turned away quickly, his own face twisted, his own eyes full. "Oh, God, Meyers," he said softly without looking up, "I'm so terribly sorry!"

He could see Meyers' hand on the table, the fine blond hair over the pale, blue-forked vein, the white knuckles.

"It's not your fault, Mr. Burns," said Meyers after a moment. "I think I'd better be going, though," he said.

When Mr. Burns looked up, Meyers had already gone. McGraw had taken off his glasses and was polishing them with a paper napkin. He blinked near-sightedly across the table. "Don't worry," he said. "I know how you feel. But it's not your fault. You didn't know him at all, did you?"

"No."

"Big red-haired boy," said McGraw. "Homely as sin. We'll have more of them go the same way. This is just the first." He put his glasses back on. "Johnny Lee," he said, and stood up. "Quarter to ten. You have a class?"

"Go ahead, Mac," said Mr. Burns.

He didn't want to walk back across the campus talking. After McGraw left he got up, struggled into his overcoat, stepped automatically into his rubbers and, holding his hat in one hand, walked out.

It had stopped snowing. Mr. Burns strode back across the white campus with a dull, bruised feeling somehow all through him. Johnny

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Lee, he thought, John Blake Lee. I didn't even know him. And he felt terribly sad not knowing Johnny. Meyers knew him, he thought, and he remembered Meyers' face, the sudden gush of tears from Meyers' very bright-blue eyes. If I only had sense, thought Mr. Burns, kicking the snow, if I only, only, only had some sense!

"Morning, Mr. Burns," said some students. "How are you," said Mr. Burns. "How are you." He didn't know them. He remembered Meyers' face again, Meyers at the cigar counter shaking out the paper. "It couldn't be Johnny, I had a letter from him yesterday." But it was Johnny all right. Old Pennoyer had said so, he heard it on the radio. Yes, it was Johnny.

As Mr. Burns mounted the steps of the Arts and Letters Building, he tried to remember all the big, homely, red-haired students he had ever seen, but the only image he could get in his mind was a hazy, faraway one, featureless, almost formless, a blurred and shifting figure. Wouldn't know him if I saw him, thought Mr. Burns miserably.

He lost his breath on the stairs. Too many cigarettes, he thought. He was taking off his overcoat in the faculty room when Mr. Pennoyer marched in.

"Hah!" said Mr. Pennoyer. "Ready for action again, are you?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Burns.

"What's that?"

"Yes!"

Mr. Pennoyer laid his briefcase on the table and went to the hall tree for his coat.

"Going to the library," he announced. "Always spend this hour at the library."

Mr. Burns picked up his books and papers, but set them down again. "You know that student you told me about," he began. "John Lee. Well, you were right. It's in the papers."

"Heard it on the radio while I was having my breakfast," chirped Mr. Pennoyer. "Didn't know the boy myself." He scowled slightly, as if remembering something unpleasant. "Thing like that upsets you," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Burns, "it upsets you all right." He picked up his books.

"You said you didn't know him, eh?"

A featureless, formless, faraway figure blurred in Mr. Burns' mind. Then he saw Meyers' face again. "No," he said bitterly. "I didn't know him. Maybe that's part of the trouble."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Pennoyer softly. He came across the

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room, his round, pink face expectant; with one hand he patted his hair. "How's that?" he whispered.

"Look!" cried Mr. Burns angrily. "A boy from here is killed, his friends are all feeling terrible. But you and I don't even remember him. We *should* remember him!"

The ten o'clock bell rang. While it rang the two men stood facing one another, Mr. Burns breathless and indignant, Mr. Pennoyer pink, solemn, but beginning quietly to smile and nod now as he reached out his hand to touch Mr. Burns' arm.

"Why," he murmured, "that's how I felt! Didn't know him, but he's from here, and somehow we ought to share, eh?"

Mr. Burns jerked his head.

"That's it!" murmured Mr. Pennoyer. "We ought to share! I felt bad not knowing, not remembering. But now —" he peered up at Mr. Burns. "You sure you didn't know him?"

"I know some friends of his," said Mr. Burns.

Without quite knowing why, he patted old Mr. Pennoyer's arm. Then, feeling somehow fortified, he turned and went out into the dark hall which led to his classroom and his students.

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# RESURRECTION

By Cherry McKay

To some, an orchard means apples;
A fir tree is lumber at small cost;
Clouds are not shadow-dapples, —
They mean: moderate, moist, — without frost.

But an orchard ascends a hill.
A fir marks a trail to the sky.
Clouds are feature-films, that fill
The silver-screen of the eye.

When apples have been duly consumed;
And fir wood consigned to its shroud:
There rises, there walks, moves *un*entombed,
An orchard, a fir tree, a cloud.

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▶ *The land of contrasts in cultures, peoples, religions, is not one but*

# MANY INDIAS

By Allan A. Michie

When Japan reached India's gates, it became the fashion for Americans to tell the British what to do about the problem of India. The two-hundred-year-old headache would disappear overnight and India would be able to defend herself against the Japanese if Britain would simply grant India freedom.

The unfortunate truth is, however, that there is no simple solution for India's problems. For India is not a united nation but a hodgepodge of conflicting racial, religious and political elements. Ethnographically, its 390,000,000 people form a mélange of forty-five races split into 2400 castes and tribes. Culturally, it consists of 225 language groups with nine major religions. The hatred the various religions bear toward each other is exceeded only by the bitterness between the various sects of each.

Politically, India contains eleven provinces with a measure of self-government — "British India" — and 562 states ruled by feudal native princes. The struggle over independence is commonly presented as a three-cornered affair among the British government, the All-India Congress Party, representing the Hindus, and the Moslem party. That is over-simplification; both of the major Indian parties are divided by quarreling factions.

Under British rule, these conflicting races and religions achieved something like general unity. If and when the British withdraw, India's problem is to weld these hate-charged groups into one nation. Most impartial, on-the-spot observers agree that there would be a period of bloody internal conflict before the new leaders could get control. The British do not think unity can be achieved at this time. The Congress Party disagrees. Meanwhile, the vast hungry mass of India, almost 90 per cent illiterate, has little interest in the struggle. Freedom and Independence are names which mean as little to them as fascism or Nazism. They are concerned only with today's bowl of rice.

Both the British in India and the



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Indians themselves are to blame for today's impasse. Both can justify, in part, their failure to bring India more fully into the struggle. The problem is not to determine who is at fault; it is to decide what can be done. Nearly three precious, perhaps fatal, years have been allowed to slip past.

If the Japanese and/or the Nazis conquer India, they will capture the raw material arsenal of Asia, a storehouse of economic and industrial resources. The deposits of high-grade iron ore are second only to those of the United States. India produces one-third of the world's manganese, and has huge reserves of coal and aluminum-bearing bauxite. She is the second largest supplier of oil seeds, vital for war production, and ranks next to the United States as a grower of cotton.

India's war production has been underestimated. Her factories are manufacturing some seven hundred munitions items, including the bulk of the Indian army's submachine guns and machine guns, and its small ammunition and uniforms. The huge Indian-owned and managed Tata iron and steel works, the largest in the British Empire, makes light armor plate which is assembled around tank engines shipped in from Britain; steel bars for guns; shells and other munitions. An American aircraft factory has been set up at Bangalore to assemble planes shipped out in parts from the United States; ultimately, it will produce completed planes on American designs. Cars and trucks, textiles, aviation gasoline and lubricating oils are being manufactured in Karachi, Hyderabad and Calcutta.

But this production, though important, is insignificant against the tremendous needs. India still depends for its heavy equipment — field guns, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, tanks and planes — on America and Britain. The Congress Party claims, correctly, that Britain has not encouraged the industrialization of India, despite the desperate need for war production, because of a fear of Indian industrial competition after the war. At the same time, the Congress Party itself has not done much to encourage India's industrialization. Mohandas Gandhi's village industry movement, for instance, is a return to the handicrafts and self-sufficiency of the villages.

Recruits have poured into the Indian Army as fast as equipment could be provided for them. The Indian Army, distinct from the

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British Army in India, now numbers 1,250,000 men. All are volunteers.

While in India, I talked to scores of young men who had tramped miles to reach the nearest recruiting station. Many of them had never heard of the Congress Party, and its policy of passive resistance to the war effort. They were eager to become soldiers, not because of any love for the British, but because they loved the army.

"I want to count my enemy by his heels," explained one tough little Punjabi.

Those of us who have seen the Indians in action in Libya, Syria and Malaya agree that they are among the finest troops in the

Darrow and Kalen

*INDIAN ROPE TRICK*

NEWS ITEM: *Negotiations are continuing. . . .*

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world. They have seldom been given the credit they deserve. In fighting qualities, discipline and smartness they will challenge comparison with any soldiers anywhere.

The vast bulk of India's army is unfortunately still in training. For the first two years of the war, the troops were sent to Egypt, Iraq and Iran as soon as they were trained and equipped. And neither the Indian Army nor Britain's small sixty thousand-strong garrison in India has much mechanical equipment.

The Indian Navy is almost nonexistent. It consists of half-a-dozen mine sweepers and naval patrol boats. But the British have a force of secret strength at the naval base of Trincomalee on Ceylon, the strategic island which dominates the entrance to the Bay of Bengal. Trincomalee (called Trinca by the British) has been secretly built up over the past few years and its real importance is still in the hush-hush class.

The Royal Indian Air Force has been hopelessly weak until recently. At the end of 1941, it consisted of two operational squadrons with three hundred pilots in training. All the planes were antiquated Hawkers, dating from the early 1930's and absolutely useless against Japanese Navy Zero planes. Since the Jap invasion of Burma, air reinforcements have been rushed to India. British Blenheim bombers and Hurricane and Spitfire fighters, American P-40's and Flying Fortresses, are pouring in. The air defense of India has been taken over by one of Britain's toughest airmen, Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, who directed Britain's bombing offensive against the Germans throughout 1941.

The supreme responsibility for the enormous Indian battlefield, a battlefield on which the destiny of the world may be decided, is in the hands of one of the United Nations' most capable generals — Britain's Sir Archibald Percival Wavell.

This spring, with the Japanese already established on the Burma side of the Bay of Bengal, the British Government offered India the concessions it had withheld for two and a half years of the war. Scholarly, smiling Sir Stafford Cripps, long a friend of India, was the British negotiator.

British-Indian relations had always been conducted in an atmosphere of crimson-carpeted stairs and marble halls. Cripps, in sharp contrast to such viceregal formality, stepped off an RAF plane at

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Delhi, carrying his own bags, portable typewriter and briefcase. He spurned the offer of one of the fifty-four bedrooms in the Viceroy's New Delhi Palace and set up headquarters in a modest bungalow.

The plan brought by Cripps was briefly this: during the war, Britain would direct India's defense but India would appoint a member to Churchill's War Cabinet, a concession which had not then been granted to the British Dominions. At the end of the war, elections would be held for the provincial legislatures and the lower houses would choose a constitutional congress by proportional representation. The 562 princely states would be invited into this congress, with proportional representation. To take care of the Moslem minority, the British proposed that states or provinces which did not agree to the new constitution could formulate their own constitutions, which would be equally recognized by the British.

Jawaharlal Nehru, able leader of the Congress Party, tacitly accepted the future provisos of the British plan, but insisted on the appointment of an Indian defense minister to run India's war effort. Britain was reluctant to grant this seemingly logical request for two reasons. First, there was no one in the Indian political field with the ability to handle the job. Second, old Mohandas Gandhi, still a power in the Congress Party and the most important man in India to scores of thousands of his followers, has steadfastly refused to abandon his policy of passive resistance and non-violence. Gandhi has agreed that India must resist aggression, but his methods can hardly stop Japanese tanks and dive bombers.

Still, Cripps persuaded the Churchill Government to authorize him to accept Nehru's demand for an Indian defense minister, provided that matters of strategy were left to General Wavell. Nehru and his Congress Party then rejected the whole plan because of the provision allowing dissatisfied minorities to remain outside the proposed federal union. And Mohamed Ali Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League, also turned down the British proposal — because it did not definitely set up a separate Moslem India. Cripps had failed. But, if his efforts did nothing else, they revealed to the world how immense are the internal barriers to India's independence.

To grant freedom to India's depressed millions would be a stroke of incalculable value to the cause of the United Nations in the Far

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East. It would prove to the vast populations of Asia that the cause of the United Nations was, indeed, a fight for freedom, destroying at once the appeal of Japanese "Asia for the Asiatics" propaganda. But India cannot be defended by a grant of freedom alone. Many Americans seem to think that "independence for the Indians" is a magic formula which would suddenly create a huge, fully equipped Indian army able to repel any Japanese thrust. It is too bad that this is not so. Except for the protection of light anti-aircraft guns, India's great coastal cities and ports lie naked before the onrushing Japanese. It is impossible to defend every mile of India's long coastline and the Japanese can land almost any place they choose. The complete conquest of the sub-continent, however, is a military assignment so formidable that it may require more men and equipment than the Japs have available now.

India needs tanks and guns and airplanes in astronomical quantities from America and Britain and she needs them in a hurry. She might have produced these things herself if the British and the Indians had been able to agree ten years ago, but it is late and the Japanese are close. A slavery far worse than British Imperialism is creeping nearer every day. It is almost certain that India's awakening — and Britain's — has come too late.

WHEN Napoleon made himself emperor he said that he had decided "to be his own ancestor." His disciple Mussolini now knows how it feels to be one's own descendant.

●

RUMORED plans for a supplementary pact between Axis leaders are believed to have hit a snag because everything necessary is to hand for a gentlemen's agreement except gentlemen.

— EDWARD J. BING

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▶ *A young Chinese woman looks at her sisters in the USA.*

# AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT

By Helena Kuo

When I first came to America from China, it seemed to me that American women were the most wonderful creatures in creation. They looked so pretty, so smart, so free, so physically fit that I felt like a weed in an exhibition flower bed. I still look upon them with some awe, but I am no longer so sure that they are in all ways superior to our women of China. I have come to feel that too many American women are failures as women. They seem to have graduated in everything but the natural art of being females. Somehow, in the headlong rush for feminism, they have lost their femininity.

Perhaps I am wrong. But that's how it seems to me, a native of Canton, a newspaper woman from Shanghai, after about two years of life in your broad and amazing country.

I used to wonder when I read American papers and magazines why they gave so much space to "it" and "oomph" and "sex appeal." Now I think I know at least part of the answer. Especially among the sophisticated, but by imitation also among others, femininity has been glamorized out of existence; the real thing has become as rare as the dodo and everyone, man or woman, is seeking it desperately. They hasten to the movies or the slick magazines for a peep at human females as though it were a kind of miracle. I am still shocked by American women who rush to buy artificial bosoms to make them look like "sweater girls."

It seems to me that American women are making some tragic mistakes. They have allowed big business to take femininity away from them and turn it into a product. It has become something you shop for on the screen, on glossy paper and in drug stores. The counters of any 5-and-10 emporium are loaded with female charm at cut prices. Femininity is being manufactured and completely distorted in its package wrappings. As a result, the American city women, with their standardized faces, legs, shoes and figures, seem so uniform



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that we of the East cannot recognize them individually. In China, we always had great difficulty in telling your film stars from one another. We had a system of numbers to identify them until Garbo came along — and then, alas, a bevy of them began to look like Garbo, necessitating another system of numbers.

American city women seem to come off the production line so rapidly that they look like members of a Rockette dancing chorus. If a man misses the type he wants one year, he will find her when she comes off the high school or college assembly line the next year. She will be definitely blonde or platinum, flat-chested or high-bosomed, bold or coy, if such is the style of the year. She will say the same things at parties and give or withhold her charms in the same degree as all others.

When he marries her, she will take him for granted as a meal ticket just as the one he missed would have done. She will expect him to keep her better than she has ever been kept before and would be shocked by the idea — an idea that is so natural to a Chinese wife — that she must share the full burden. He will turn her into a fur-bearing animal at his own expense, the fur to be changed at regular intervals as recommended by the magazines.

From cocktail parties, he will be privileged to take her home in a condition that would have been dangerous to her reputation in spinsterhood, but is ever so smart when covered by a marriage certificate. At parties, she will be more provocative to other men and will have acquired new glamor in being a young married. Even if she is "fond" of her man, she somehow regards the whole arrangement as the unavoidable preliminary to a divorce. I am constantly amazed by how well versed even happily married American women seem to be in the intricacies of divorce law, especially as it affects alimony.

No wonder there are so many gray-haired young men in your country, and so many tinted-haired women lunching alone or in groups in the autumn of their lives!

Our Chinese ideal is quite the reverse of the mass-produced glamor women of your country. I am, myself, one of the new "emancipated" generation of Chinese women, and passed as a feminist at home. But I am distinctly "backward," if not quite primitive, in contrast to your women here. They have been emancipated to the point where they are scarcely women any more, even in the elementary biological sense.

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The casualness of the sex relation here is not easy for a Chinese to understand. Our ancient institution of concubinage seems highly moral by comparison.

We Chinese believe that all women are desirable to some men, just as all men are desirable to some women. We do not assume that all men favor the same kind of woman, but that they seek out women for their individual tastes. But if our women try for individuality in outward appearance, they are much alike inwardly. They are instinctively and without question devoted to their families and their husbands. When things go badly with a Chinese wife, she remembers the age-old saying, "If you marry a dog, you must follow a dog," which is her way of saying that she must stick to the man she has chosen for good or ill.

From the beginning of their lives, Chinese women are taught that their main job is to be real women. We are taught in our school books that there are three obediences and four virtues and we cling to them more tightly than to the one "virtue" the Anglo-Saxon language associates with its women. 'Way back in the second century A.D., China had its first "career woman." Her name was Ban Tso. After being widowed, and at the Emperor's request, she recorded that women should be polite, know when to talk and when to keep silent, be well dressed, and not extravagant in anything. These precepts have become second nature with us. The result is that an unmarried Chinese woman is a rare person. There are very few Chinese maiden ladies of uncertain age and China has the lowest divorce rate of any country, though divorce is exceedingly easy.

## II

In America, I have noticed, many plain women have the most attractive and attentive husbands, while many beautiful women are lonely and nervous and cannot "hold their man." This is easy for Chinese to understand, because we can see that these plain women have learned how to be real women — a lesson Chinese women have been learning for many thousand years.

Chinese women are taught that they are the beginning of life, but not the end. They have a philosophy that lies close to the earth they cultivate. "Others gave birth to us, we give birth to others." We have sweated, toiled and starved by the side of our men — that is why we can defy flood, famine and invasions as we are now doing. Di-

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vorce is painful to us. It is as disfiguring as losing a leg, or being condemned to spend the rest of one's life with a scarred face. A Chinese woman whose marriage goes awry just hides her face in sorrow, as a decent-minded American might when her husband dies. She has lost him. She mourns him accordingly, even if the "blame" is his. In your country, I have been invited to gay parties to celebrate a divorce!

American women, when they marry, want to "preserve their independence." They insist on their right to be attractive to other men. Well, they get their independence at the price of giving up their unique rôle as women. When we Chinese women marry, we want to believe that we have moulded our lives into another life. We feel it as an act of creation. We believe that "woman is made of water and man of clay." The meaning of this is that the clay of man cracks unless it is permeated by water — a discovery made by the Creator when he made man of clay and saved him from crumbling into nothingness by adding water.

Madame Kuan Tao-sheng, wife of the great Yuan painter, Chao meng-fu, expressed this idea when she found her husband's ardor was cooling. One day, when he was moping for his mistress, she wrote the following poem and her husband's heart was so touched that he gave up his mistress and returned to his wife.

Between you and me
There's too much passion
That's the reason why
There's such agitation!
Take a lump of clay
Wet it, pat it,
Make it a statue of you,
And a statue of me.

Then shatter them, clatter them.
Add some water,
And break them, and mould them,
Into a statue of you,
And a statue of me.
Then in mine there're bits of you,
And in you there're bits of me.
Nothing ever shall keep us apart.
When living, we'll sleep under the same cover,
When dead, we'll be buried together.

We Chinese women struggle to save our marriages when danger threatens. We don't "run home to mamma"; we stay and reason and usually win.

Life has been relatively easy for American women and that perhaps explains their basic tragedy. Even childbirth has been simplified for them into a painless dream. Indeed, they have solved every problem in life except how to be women and how to understand woman's natural instincts. Recently, I watched a lot of mass-produced city women here looking hungrily at a motion picture of sturdy pioneer life. It

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seemed to me that they are really hungry for simple things beyond highflown philosophizing: children, homes under their own direct care, and husbands into whose clay they can completely mould their own characters.

I realize that there are millions of exceptions, that there are American women close to the elemental pattern of our Chinese womanhood. But the national ideal, worshipped in your mass literature and mass entertainment, is the glamor woman, so that even the least glamorous American woman shares in this machine-made pattern. I think that much of this glamor woman's confusion is in the misuse of the word love and the idea of love. With us Chinese, love is not a diversion or a pastime or a career. Our language is very descriptive. The Chinese word for love means "gift of the heart" and it implies a gift that can be given only once, since there is but one heart.

American women have so much that they can teach us "backward" Chinese females. But I make bold to suggest that perhaps we Chinese women can teach them something in return — something they have forgotten.

---

*"Now listen, one of you has gotta be a Jap!"*

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# FROM A MILITARY ECONOMIST'S NOTEBOOK

By Fritz Sternberg
Author of *Germany and the Lightning War*

**Nazi Losses in Russia:**

Realism in judging German strength demands that we estimate Hitler's losses in his Russian campaign without wishful thinking.

The German High Command put those losses at four hundred thousand for the initial seventy days — twice its total in the twenty-two months before the invasion of Russia. For the period up to December 1, 1941, Hitler gave the following figures on his Russian adventure: 162,314 dead, 571,757 wounded, 33,324 missing: a total of 767,405. A dispatch to the *Berner Bund* from its Berlin correspondent, passed by the censor, said that Germany's losses by this Spring had risen to 1,500,000. As against these German figures, overenthusiastic anti-Nazi writers have placed losses as high as five million.

It seems to me that the Berlin figures are closer to the likely facts:

One and a half millions in eight months means about six thousand a day. Soviet communiques from all sectors rarely claimed a higher figure for daily Nazi casualties. In World War I, German losses in dead, wounded and prisoners ran to about seven million on all fronts. That war lasted fifty-one months, so that the average total casualty figure per month was about 137,000. The German estimate of 1,500,000 in the Russian campaign means a monthly average of about 187,000 — some 40 per cent higher than casualties on all fronts in the previous World War, which may be approximately right.

Official Nazi and Soviet communiques, of course, speak only of casualties in actual military battle, ignoring losses through disease. Without doubt, hundreds of thousands of German soldiers perished from disease during the winter campaign, for which the High Command was dismally unprepared. On the other hand, it is no less certain that hundreds of thousands listed as wounded have returned to the



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lines. Official German quarters estimate the number of wounded restored to active service at some 40 per cent.

That the figure of five million for Hitler's losses in Russia — used, for example, by Max Werner in the *New Republic* — is an exaggeration may be adduced from the following facts:

Germany has a total of eighteen million men between eighteen and forty-five years of age; about nine million are in the age group from twenty to thirty-three, the largest reservoir for active military duty. Five million casualties would therefore mean a loss of more than half the maximum German force under arms on all the scattered fronts. If it were true that Hitler has lost half his total military man-power, his Spring offensives would collapse before they were begun, and there is no question of that.

Casualties approaching two million, one-fifth of the entire German armed forces, represent a heavy drain. There seems to me little warrant for putting that estimate any higher.

**German and American Labor Potentials:**

The Nazis are obliged to maintain an army for the Russian campaign larger than all previous German armies. At the peak of his war against France, Hitler's armed forces were estimated at more than six million. His effort in the East is vastly larger, involving not only armed men along two thousand miles of battle fronts, but the manning of huge supply machinery across long distances. In addition, the Germans are obliged to maintain troops of occupation in all conquered countries.

It may be assumed, therefore, that the German armies are greater today by a few million men than during the French campaign. They are scarcely below nine million. Of the twenty million men between eighteen and forty-eight, some fifteen million were engaged in industry prior to the Russian campaign. By this time, only about ten million are in industry, the rest having been mobilized for armed service to enlarge the available forces and make up for the losses in Russia. Thus German industry — which today means German arms production — is losing five million workers in 1942. The most frantic efforts by the German Economic General Staff to make up for this tremendous labor power with war prisoners and "voluntary" workers from the occupied regions cannot possibly close this gap.

In the year when Germany is

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losing five million workers, the United States is gaining ten million. The contrast is a portent for the immediate future.

**Economic Background of Japan's Victories:**

Before Pearl Harbor, many experts on military problems and war economy assured us that Japan, because of its industrial backwardness, was only a second-class power. Since then, the Mikado's legions have swept victoriously southward conquering 130,000,000 people — a population equal to that of the United States — and occupying almost the whole of the southwest Pacific.

Superficially, those experts seem to have been completely discredited. Their stock is low in public opinion. Nevertheless, their evaluation of Japan still holds true. Japan was and remains a second-rate power which cannot, in the long run, stand up to the Anglo-Saxon countries in this industrial war.

How, then, can we explain its startling burst of initial successes? The answer is in the time element. Hitler began to organize his *Wehrwirtschaft* in 1933, and similarly, Japan has been building its military structure on a war scale ever since the "China Incident" five years ago. Pearl Harbor marked the clash of an *actual* functioning war system against a *potential* war system.

In the years before the Sino-Japanese war, Japan's military budget was, on the whole, a peace budget. Military expenditures averaged only a billion yen annually for 1934–36. After 1937, these investments increased until they reached more than eight billion yen just before the attack on the United States. Unlike Germany, Japan has published statistics on its governmental and military outlay. These statistics, however, have been cunningly camouflaged to mislead casual observers.

In addition to the general military expenditures made public by Tokyo, there has been since 1937 a special budgetary item for the "China Incident Account." As the Japanese hoped, confusion was caused by the assumption abroad that the sums earmarked for China were actually used in full for that purpose. This led many outside analysts to believe that Japan had already exhausted itself in the Chinese adventure — a view which Tokyo shrewdly allowed to go unchallenged.

Even during the first years of the war in China, the "normal" military expenditures continued and went mainly, of course, toward

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accumulations for the Army, Navy and Air Force. In the later years, with the Chinese front more or less stabilized and the occupation forces living off the conquered areas, practically all of the "normal" expenditures were for general preparations. In addition — and that is where the experts were in many cases fooled — large slices of the "China Incident Account" also went to general armament. It was a bookkeeping trick to fool the democracies.

It is not enough, therefore, to compare one year's economic potential of Japan with a similar year for Britain or the United States. We need to consider Japanese budgets for the past five years. All military expenditures, including those for China, ran to thirty billion yen. To understand the figure, it does not suffice to translate yen into dollars. The Japanese standard of living is so far below the American standard that an adjustment of values becomes necessary. Without tracing the process by which the conclusions are reached, let it suffice that authoritative estimates place the purchasing power of the yen at about twice the official rate of exchange. At this rate of conversion, the thirty billion yen spent from the China Incident to Pearl Harbor would equal twenty billion dollars.

Since a large part of this amount was expended in the Sino-Japanese war, we will probably not be far off the mark if we place the value of arms available to Japan at the moment it launched the Pacific war at from ten to fifteen billion dollars. This amount of armament is comparatively small against the seventy billions America will spend in 1943. But these billions are still in the future. The Japanese ten to fifteen billions were enough to guarantee success when contrasted with the actual Anglo-American expenditures up to that point. Britain's entire military budget came to only fifteen billion dollars in the second year of war — and of this, only a minor fraction could be diverted from Europe, Africa, the Near East and Russian aid to the Pacific arena. The same holds true for actual American armaments available for the new theatre of conflict.

Therein lies the explanation for the Japanese victories. The experts were right in their main thesis and the course of events, I am convinced, will justify them. The fact is that Japan's military budget for 1942 will amount to about eight to ten billion yen — approximately four to five billion dollars in purchasing value. For the same calendar year, American expenditures

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will be forty billion dollars, and for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1943, it will be seventy billions. Within the next twelve months, therefore, America alone will turn out from eight to fourteen times as much production for war as Japan.

One vital corrective must be added to this picture. Arms are of no value unless they are brought to the arena of action. Japan has the distinct advantage of shorter lines of transport. America must sacrifice a much larger share of its productive dollar for sheer transportation. Even after this discount, our economic potential remains impressively — and in my own opinion decisively — higher than Japan's. That discount, moreover, will be reduced as soon as we find a short-cut for transport; as, for instance, by bringing the war to Japan proper *via* Alaska, thereby reducing supply lines of ten, fifteen and even eighteen thousand miles to three thousand miles or less.

**The End of the Blitz Period:**

In 1942, blitz campaigns and blitz victories may still be possible on individual battlefields. But there can be no blitz decision. The war having expanded to real world proportions, the total weight and strength of the opposing forces will tell the story, rather than brilliant lightning strokes. The economic potentials, in other words, have become more significant.

The Nazis have been in power since 1933. In the second year of the war, which is the ninth year of their power, they have used 50 per cent of the German national income for military expenditures. Higher claims are unfounded. According to the semi-official German *Reichs-Kreditgesselschaft*, state expenditures in 1938 took 35,800,000,000 marks, out of a national income of about seventy-six billions. Since then, state expenditures have more than doubled, reaching seventy-five billion marks in 1941.

But these figures are misleading. Only fifty-five out of seventy-five billions have been used for military purposes, the rest going to other state expenditures. Moreover, the national income has risen sharply. Though production in Germany proper has not grown, the incorporation of Austria, the major part of Czechoslovakia, parts of Poland and western Alsace-Lorraine since 1938 boosted the total income. Nazi Finance Minister Count Schwerin-Krosigk puts the Reich national income (not counting tributes from France, Belgium, Norway, Denmark and other occupied countries, it should be noted)

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at from 110 to 115 billion marks. The fifty-five billions of military expenditures, it thus becomes evident, represent less than 50 per cent of the German national income. This after nine years of Nazi war effort.

The American tempo of military investment is much swifter by contrast. The rearmament of the United States began only after Dunkirk, two years ago. The year 1941 saw a most impressive upward swing in the curve of military expenditures, despite recessions in June and November.

President Roosevelt put the entire military costs for the year ending June 30, 1942, at twenty-six billion dollars. From nine billions in the second half of 1941, expenditures rose to seventeen billions, or approximately three billions a month, in the first half of 1942. In the second half of this year, however, American military outlay will reach five to six billions a month. After only two and a half years of war effort, America will be channeling over 50 per cent of its entire income to military purposes.

Future historians charting the development of military production in the warring countries will be able to attest that the American curve rose at strikingly greater speed than the German. The transformation here has been accomplished faster than in Germany. Only the seven years of Nazi accumulations *before* the war have concealed this significant fact from public view.

So much for the tempo or rate of economic investment. The contrast is even sharper when totals are compared. If the United States uses half its entire production or national income for military purposes, it deals in magnitudes which cannot even be approached by Nazi Germany. Fifty per cent of American production is more than the entire German national income! No nation can use its entire income for war, since the population must still be fed, clothed and housed. An American military budget of seventy billion dollars is equivalent to 175 billion marks, which is sixty billion marks more than the highest estimate of the Reich income. Even if another fifteen billions in tribute from occupied countries be added, the American war expenditures are still larger than total German production.

Thus American production is being diverted to war purposes at a speed far beyond Hitler's achievement — and already, in 1942, actual output is greater than the whole German income plus exactions from conquered regions.

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# RAILROADERS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

By Doris McFerran

My father, in the days before he met mother and buckled down to domesticity, was a railroad brakeman for a short time and the years between have given those old days a hallowed glow. Any excuse to get down to a railroad station is sufficient for an outburst of handshaking and questions like "Remember old Charlie?" Consequently, my returns from rail trips always follow a pattern. No flowers or brass bands or delighted cries of welcome — just father, with a spot of soot on his nose, rushing up the platform to announce: "Just ran into old Charlie Whoopanholler! Braked with Charlie back in the old days. Come along and meet him!"

Charlie turns out to be a dining-car conductor. As we pass the engine of the train on which I've arrived, Dad spots old Harry Whatchamacallit, up in the cab. I am boosted aboard, and the functions of a locomotive are explained to me. After that, I meet successively the conductor, the gateman, the stationmaster, or any other assorted Brotherhood members who happen to be available.

About a year ago I decided to do something else at these meetings besides smirk and writhe while father asked proudly, "Haven't I a nice *big* girl?" I decided it when I discovered that the Brotherhood boys sling a mean slanguage. Listen to the old fellow we met the other night. After preliminary greetings, he explained the state of his fortunes to my father, thus:

"When you knew me, Mac, I was a boomer, pure and simple. I'd just get my brain plate when I'd pull the pin, remember? Rule G was always getting me, too. But after I pulled my freight from the Espee, I decided I wasn't a colt and I couldn't wait for that job on the Indian Valley Railroad forever. So I hooked up with the Katy, and worked up to baby lifter. Whiskers caught me just last year and I got the rocking chair."

I separated father and the old boy finally, and demanded explanations. Translated, the speech would sound something like this:



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"When you knew me, I drifted around from job to job. I'd just get my trainman's badge, when I'd decide to leave town. The regulation against drinking was always getting me, too. But after I left my job with the Southern Pacific, I decided I wasn't getting any younger and I couldn't wait forever for that job on the mythical railroad where there are always good jobs waiting — the trainmen's legendary Utopia. So I joined the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad and worked my way up to the rank of brakeman on a passenger train. Age caught me last year and I was retired on a pension."

Simple when you know how, isn't it? I wanted more than ever to "know how" after that and instead of suffering nobly through Dad's encounters with the old-timers, I began to encourage him to look them up. My education broadened thereby. I learned, for instance, that when a man says, "I got a pair of Brownies for that one," he doesn't mean that he was rewarded with a couple of fudge cookies, but rather that, for some misdemeanor, he was given two demerits on his record. I learned that a lineman wouldn't do anything so linguistically prosaic as to climb a pole. No, he "hikes a stick." Certain phrases of the talk sounded as though they came from the stockyards. Hog is a locomotive and the engineer is variously hogger, hoghead and hog jockey. The hog law is the federal statute which provides that train or engine crews must be replaced after sixteen hours on duty.

I had always wanted to ride in the Toonerville Trolley-looking caboose at the end of the train. But that car, I learned, is not only a caboose. It answers also to van, way car, shanty, parlor, monkey house, kitchen, louse cage, hut, hack, crummy, doghouse, chariot, clown wagon, cage, buggy, bouncer, bed house, and an infinity of other names.

## II

By the end of several weeks of chats with the boys, my notebook was crammed with color-words which decorate the vocabulary of the trainmen. Witness:

air jammer — carman who connects air hose on freight, and air, signal and steam hose on passenger cars

air monkey — air-brake repairman

anchor her — set the brakes on a standing car

bake head — locomotive fireman

battleship — large locomotive

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beat 'er on the back — keep up high speed, using full power
big hole — emergency stop
big hook — wrecking crane
black diamonds — coal
bleed — to drain air from braking system on cars
bookkeeper — flagman
brains — the conductor (not a term of affection)
brass collars — higher-up officials
breeze — service air
buckle the rubbers — connect air, steam, or signal hose
bug torch — trainman's lantern
bust up a cut — separate cars in a train, taking out those which have reached their destination, etc.
caboose hop — train made up only of engine and caboose
calliope — term for locomotive derived from modern four-tone whistles
car knocker — inspector
chase the red — set out flag or lantern for protection of train
checker — company spy
cinder snapper — passenger riding on platform or observation, where he is likely to make himself a collection of cinders
clean the clock — make an emergency stop
cornfield meet — head-on collision between two trains on same main track
cushions — passenger coaches
dance the carpet — appear before an official for discipline
die game — stall on a hill
dog chaser — relief crew sent out to bring in a train
dolly flapper — switch tender
flip — board a moving train
goose — emergency stop
grabber — conductor of passenger train
harness — dress uniform of passenger conductor
highball — signal for clear track
high daddy — flying switch
hightail — leave at a rapid pace
high-wheeler — old-fashioned passenger engine
hit the grit — step from a moving train
horse 'er over — put the engine in reverse
in the ditch — wrecked or derailed
in the hole — waiting on a passing track for another train to go by
jerk soup — remove water from pan between rails while train is going
kettle — locomotive
king snipe — track gang foreman
lizard scorcher — train cook
master maniac — master mechanic
master mind — trainmaster
muzzle loader — hand-fired locomotive
no bill — worker who won't join the union

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ornament — station master
paper weight — office clerk
peck — short stop for lunch at railroad restaurant
reefer — refrigerator car
roof garden — helper engine
rubberneck — observation car
sacred ox — helper engine
scissors bill — railroad detective
shining time — starting time
shuffle the deck — switch cars at every station
snake — switchman, so-called by trainman
spot — nap taken on duty
thousand miler — dark blue shirt, doesn't show the soil
traveling grunt — road foreman
walk the dog — run a freight so fast that the cars sway
washout — imperative stop signal
whale belly — steel coal car
wisdom box — yardmaster's office
zulu — emigrant group on a train

Even mother, the English purist of the family, began to be interested once she read my list. Mother, whose father was general manager of the Omaha, said reminiscently: "What fun we had when we were children! We used to take trips, you know, in papa's drone cage — er, private car, I mean!"

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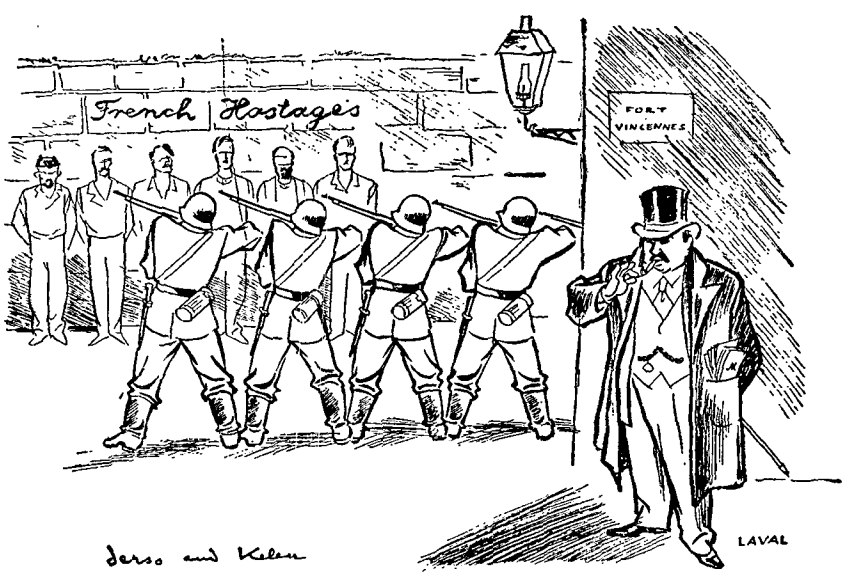


THE BUTCHER'S SON: *A French success story*

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# THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

*Sculpturing the Season's Bust*

I have been in this critical business for now exactly thirty-five theatrical seasons, and if ever there was a worse one than that just concluded, my memory is not only slipping but is flat on its ear. This low estimate is, however, hardly news; the vote has been unanimous. What were the reasons?

The first and most important of these reasons, with no apologies for the disagreeable didacticism, was the complete disappearance from the stage of the slightest evidence of dramatic imagination. Not one single new play produced in the New York professional theatre indicated a fancy of even minimum alcoholic content. Only in Saroyan's fifty-five-minute-long *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, whatever its other lapses, could there be detected any genuine inspirational intoxication whatever and it remained for a group of amateur kids to do that play in a crudely converted brownstone-front up a dingy side street. As for the rest, there was here and there some undeniably sincere writing, some fairly clever manipulation of three-dollar silk hats and rabbits, and the usual passionate strains toward novelty and ruptures toward merit, but of real or even approximate imagination there was considerably less than goes into the manufacture of an undershirt or a successful Southern novel.

Among the Americans, Steinbeck in *The Moon Is Down* showed periodic mild traces of the power that made his *Of Mice and Men* the superior job it was; Koch and Huston in *In Time to Come* suggested a talent for the literal chronicle play; young Greendale indicated an aptitude for character; and a few of the others implied a modest gift for dramaturgy. But in the plays of none of them was there a faint glimmer of that throwing open the window to the stars which lets into worthy drama its precious, breeze-swept life and beauty.

Where imagination was optimistically attempted, the results were, alas, even more painful. Hecht, swinging his movie imagination in-



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to the Hereafter, collapsed into greasepaint allegory that suggested Little Eva on a return trip from Heaven bandying metaphysics with Mr. S. Legree. Odets' powerful ecstasy dug up Matthew Arnold's verse about ignorant armies clashing by night and triumphantly evolved from it a 1910 triangle play. Maxwell Anderson took flight from occupied France and soared into the skies with the old Sardou plot about the woman who exercises herself to free her lover from prison, further involving a couple of American schoolmarms who moseyed wraith-like around the gardens of Versailles and discoursed with a sentimental booziness on the sweetness of the past. And Marc Connelly pitched his rainbow at an analogue wherein a wily Mexican villager offered himself as an approximation of Hitler, only to be put out of countenance at eleven o'clock by a crafty American business man, proving — as must be more or less evident — nothing.

The English guest-playwrights were just as bursting with lush phrensies. Emlyn Williams, in *Yesterday's Magic*, worked himself up into a moonstruck prattfall on the subject of an old ham actor ruined by drink (Version 442) and given to pot-valiant apostrophies to the overwhelming glamour of the bygone theatre of Sarah Siddons, Henry Irving and the Cherry Sisters. Noel Coward's fiery reverie penetrated into the ghostly domain and came out, in *Blithe Spirit*, with one of his usual deftly serviceable box-office wares in which a deceased wife made up to look like whipped cream returns to badger her spouse, who has married a second time. Lesley Storm, in *Heart of A City*, allowed her effulgent imagination to wander backstage in a small London theatre during a bombing raid and to exalt us with the heroism of the chorus girls, the aforesaid heroism reaching its heart-stirring climax in their determination, come what might, to proceed with a show that, to the impartial audience, seemed to be even worse than *Of V We Sing*, that local amateur stinker. And Patrick Hamilton, in *Angel Street*, brought home his rich fancy's rewarding bacon with a melodrama that somewhat astounded the psychiatric profession with its thesis that a woman could be deprived of all powers of recollection and memory merely through being told by her husband that she had none.

## II

A second reason for the disastrous span was to be found in many of

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the producing geniuses' footless belief that no better plays were lying around and available for production than the cheeses which, once the public got a whiff of them and would have none of, they apologized were the best they could find. While it is quite true that there was a shortage of reputable scripts, it is far from true that there were not a sufficient number of relatively much likelier ones than the aforesaid entrepreneurs wasted their good money on. And, what is more, it is a foregone conclusion that they would have profited from a better reviewing press and in all probability would, unlike the overnight failures, either have made a little money or, at worst, lost considerably less.

In this regard, lest we be suspected of talking through our hat, let us modestly present a few concrete examples.

The Gilbert Miller still-born productions of the dreary *Anne of England*, the fruitless *Lily of the Valley* and the worthless *Heart of A City* are estimated to have shown a combined loss of more than $80,000. For this amount, Mr. Miller might have produced Sean O'Casey's stimulating new one-set play, *Purple Dust*, a Saroyan bill made up of the Armenian Lope de Vega's new short plays, *Once Around the Block*, which is grand fun; *Bang! Bang! You're Dead*, a nimble drollery in the vein of *The Time of Your Life;* and *As I Live and Breathe*, a thoroughly delightful titbit of fantastic humor; and — still safely this side of the budget and by way of satisfying his notorious prejudice for foreign plays — Molnar's fragmentary but appealing *Miracle of the Mountains*, which has been lying around idly for some years. All these plays are a hundredfold more estimable than the trio he lost his other shirt on; all, one feels sure, would have met with considerably more critical approval; and all would have been much better gambling chances. And what is yet more, as has been suggested, he might still have had several thousands of left-over producing dollars in his sock.

Further examples, gratis. The producer of the rubbishy *Good Neighbor*, which ran for just one performance, dropped $26,000 that would more than have sufficed for a production of Tilman Breiseth's *As We Forgive Our Debtors*, which has been vainly peddled for the last nine or ten years and which, for all its defects, is 13,862 times better than *Good Neighbor*. The producers of the trash called *Ring Around Elizabeth*, *Golden Wings*, *Pie in the Sky*, *All in Favor* and *They Should*

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*Have Stood in Bed*, all immediate failures and presented at a waste of more than $85,000, might have helped the season and maybe even made a little jack on the side by putting on, instead, such readily available and certainly, whatever their faults, likelier new plays as William Bowers' *Back to Eden* and *Pansy*, Walter Kerr's *Art and Prudence*, and Saroyan's *Sweeney in the Trees* and *Jim Dandy*.

We come to the revivals. Instead of the revival of Barrie's absurdly soggy and outyeared *A Kiss for Cinderella*, which critically folded like a wet valentine, why not, if it had to be Barrie, *The Legend of Leonora?* Instead of the Theatre Guild's revival of O'Neill's all too recent *Ah, Wilderness!*, why not O'Neill's *The Straw*, which few present theatregoers either saw or well remember? And instead of the same Guild's revival of Sheridan's all too familiar *The Rivals*, why not Sheridan's *The Critic?*

Which, hardly circuitously, brings us to the Theatre Guild.

More and more, with the passing of each season and the last in particular, does it become plain that this once reputable and venerated organization has betrayed its original self and has sunk to the low level of a purely commercial enterprise, and a not always very sagacious or successful one at that. Infected with the Hollywood movie pox, its most recent consuming admiration has been for film stars and their possible circus draw at the box-office, with the resultant casting of a number of them in its stage presentations. The last season accordingly saw Harry Carey brought on to play a leading role in the revival of *Ah, Wilderness!* and giving a performance that helped in large measure to make the revival a failure; Mary Boland cast as Mrs. Malaprop in the revival of *The Rivals* and accomplishing much the same result; Paul Muni miscast in *Yesterday's Magic* and getting nowhere; Fredric March and Florence Eldredge featured in *Hope for a Harvest* and getting less than nowhere; and the sure-fire Katharine Hepburn doing big box-office business on the road in Philip Barry's weak *Without Love*. And one production was abandoned altogether simply because the Guild could not persuade Spencer Tracy to appear in it.

The rumor that the Guild next season will add bingo to its shows, exhibit double features, and offer personal appearances of Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney and Cesar Romero between the acts may perhaps be discounted. But, considering the contributions to the season

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just finished, one wouldn't be too surprised.

## III

When everything else fails in a season, there are usually the musical shows to fall back and rely upon. That has been one of the American theatre's time-honored traditions. But, here again, the season of 1941–42 thumbed its nose at the old order. One and only one such show of any merit came along, to wit, *Let's Face It.* A second, *Banjo Eyes,* by virtue of Eddie Cantor's presence in the cast, proved fairly diverting while he was on the stage. But that was all. The rest were lahoowzy.

Not only in this last season but in the season preceding, we had melancholy evidence that, by and large, something seems to have befallen this species of entertainment, for long regarded as one of our theatre's prime gifts to the cosmos. And with the loss of the former skill has gone hand in hand a staggering loss of investment money.

Herewith, in example, I have compiled a list of some of the principal musical failures produced in the two seasons in question, and the amount of money estimated to have been cruelly dissipated on them:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Crazy with the Heat* | $92,000 |
| *All in Fun* | $70,000 |
| *Night of Love* | $45,000 |
| *She Had to Say Yes* | $120,000 |
| *Viva O'Brien* | $82,000 |
| *The Lady Came Across* | $80,000 |
| *Sunny River* | $80,000 |
| *My Dear Public* (try-out edition) | $78,000 |

None of these was worth a hoot, and all, as noted, were prompt duds. The net total loss suffered was almost $650,000. Think what an intelligent theatre could do with $650,000!

Wiping off the lack of perspiration induced by trying to answer the question, let us move on and catalogue some additional reasons for the season's depression.

1. At least ten different plays occupied themselves with extended testimony to the fact that the Nazis are a bad lot, each plainly preening itself on having made the sensational discovery and being the first to announce it, to the $3.30 a head grunts of the customers, all of whom seemed curiously to be already fairly privy to the news.

2. At least six plays occupied themselves periodically with rapturous testimony to the fact that the English are, on the other hand, a chin-up, sturdy, stiff-upper-lip race, able to smile in the hour of deepest despair and to sing *God Save the King* whenever a playwright doesn't know what else to

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have them do, thus causing even the most pro-Ally American audience (including any sensitive visiting Englishmen who happened to be a part of it) embarrassedly to sink down in its seats.

3. The effort to be profound on the part of playwrights who, to put it politely, could fish successfully in their cerebrums with a toothpick, resulted in no less than half a dozen plays that sounded like expanded high-school paper editorials, and that dispensed such novel philosophies as the need for religion and faith in God in a war-ridden world, the desirability of an ultimate, comprehensive brotherhood of man, the necessity to fight for what one believes in one's heart, and the inevitable triumph of good over evil, sez you.

4. The postponement of *Life, Laughter and Tears* after a brief road tryout in which, despite absurdly bad direction, it revealed itself to be potentially the most interesting American production of the New York season.

5. The abandonment of the projected production of O'Casey's *Purple Dust* on the senseless ground that it was anti-English and hence might offend, whereas it would in all probability have offended only a few choice numskulls, since the English critics, and Ivor Brown in particular, had already enthusiastically endorsed it. That it would have won the Critics' Circle's award for the best foreign play of the year goes almost without saying.

6. The absence from the list of active playwrights of Eugene O'Neill, S. N. Behrman, Robert Sherwood, Lillian Hellman and other such old-reliables.

7. The producers' faked quotations from the critics' reviews, which gave the public the impression that a number of third-rate plays which had been denounced were pretty hot stuff, and which subsequently disgusted away from the theatre such customers as had been made suckers of.

8. The prodigal playwriting sons returning from Hollywood to recapture their lost self-respect, who proved that their self-respect wasn't all that they had lost.

9. The temporary decline and fall of the formerly witty and highly amusing George S. Kaufman.

10. Not enough of Bobby Clark, who appeared in merely two shows.

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# LIFE WITH THE EXPERTS

*{This department, dedicated to the thoughts of sundry prophets, solicits contributions from readers. Please attach the actual clipping or other documentary source of the prophecies that went sour. — THE EDITORS.}*

A FORECAST from embattled France in January 1940, as noted by the Jackson, Mississippi, *News:*

> Eighteen months to go, and the war will be over — write it on your calendar. This confident prediction comes from Paul Bringuier, chief of the editorial staff of the *Paris Soir*.

MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, speaking at the Town Hall of the Air, November 10, 1941:

> Japan is in no case to fight a war with a group of major opponents. Her army is sadly out of date, having not even one fully armored division, and being short of tanks, armored cars, anti-tank and anti-aircraft artillery, modern engineering equipment and modern communication devices. . . . As for Japanese air power, it is almost non-existent. . . . The American, British and Dutch naval and air forces are fully capable of isolating Japan from the world and bringing to bear the pressure of full blockade — a pressure which Japan could not long endure, but which she lacks the strength to break by force.

RALPH INGERSOLL, peripatetic editor of the New York newspaper *PM*, warns the world on April 30, 1941:

> THE MEDITERRANEAN IS LOST
>
> SUEZ AND GIBRALTAR DOOMED
>
> We are so certain of these terrible facts that for us it is as if they had already happened. We believe the brave little British Army can fight only a rear guard action at the Suez Canal, and the garrison at the other end of the Mediterranean must yield Gibraltar. The Germans are moving hundreds of thousands of troops into position against them.

WAR CORRESPONDENT W. W. CHAPLIN, writing for the INS under a New York dateline, May 10, 1940:

> Chancellor Hitler marched his first million men into an Allied trap when he ordered today's blitzkrieg invasion of Luxembourg and the Low Countries. . . . Before I left France to return to America on leave, Gen. Mason MacFarland, British Director of Military Intelligence in the field, told me: "We would be sorry to see Belgium invaded for her own sake, but it would open the quickest road to decisive Allied victory over the German army. . . ."



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# DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

## *The Earth Is Slow to Wound*

Scientists and naturalists and all professional scrutinizers of the soil and the sky tend to form the habit of looking into far distances. Preoccupied with the life of earth — in which colossal life our human life is only one very tiny part, ephemeral as the opening of a few alder buds, the withering and dying of a few frost-touched mulleins, the scattering of a few sand grains before the wind — they tend to think in spans and rhythms and cycles rather larger and longer than the terms of immediacy in which so much human thinking is habitually done. Yesterday, a clothing of ice sheathed the planet; a few minutes ago, in earth terms, the primitive sharklike fish, *Cladoselache*, nosed its dim way through the cold Devonian seas; the day after tomorrow, in fulfillment of that 10,500-year cycle which reverses the seasonal relationships of the planet's hemispheres, our summer will have become winter, our winter become summer, and harvest time for wheat in Minnesota will be January and Adirondack snow will fall in July.

It is inevitable that any earth-watcher, woods-watcher, sky-watcher, must come to think in terms like these. It cannot be otherwise, when the redwood tree against whose fibrous broad-ridged bark he lays his hand is a vegetation that had been standing for ten centuries when Christ was born, and when the granites embedded in the soil he treads are products of a crystallization that occurred more than a billion years ago.

We are occupied now in an enormous engagement for the welfare and destiny of America. That engagement, in military terms, is a matter of ships and guns and tanks and planes and soldiers. In the terms of an economist, it is a matter of bonds and loans and ingenious stabilizings and cunning amortizations. In the terms of an industrialist, it is a matter of assembly lines and factories. But in the longer, slower, broader terms of the earth-view into which a naturalist looks, the welfare and destiny of America involve also something else. The something else is soil; it is rivers; it



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is forests of towering conifers; it is the swamplands where the deep sphagnum holds the rain, and the high grazing-lands where the buffalo grass holds the sod. America has many meanings for many men — a symbol of the democratic Idea, a system of economics, a dream of the free conscience — but before America is a symbol, or an idea, or a political or an economic entity, it is physically a place and tangibly a land. Foundationally, primally, before it is anything else, America is two thousand million acres of earth. America is these two thousand million acres, and the sky that arches over them, and the shining rivers that cleave them, and tree roots that hold them firm and fecund, and the birds that make them bright with wings and the animals that compose their prosperity as a biota. This is physical America. Upon this bedrock rests all else.

To take now the long view, the earth-view, is to realize that the struggle for a fine and free and triumphant America, a land wherein our children's children may be glad to live, is not to be won alone by the guns of the moment. There is needed, too, the longer-looking devotion to the land itself. There is needed the remembrance that in the far-reckoning, biological view of things it is co-operation with the earth, or failure to co-operate, which can determine a people's ultimate prospering or slow decay. There is needed an attentive listening — even now in the excitement of war, even now more than ever—to such words as are contained in the little publication lately released by the National Audubon Society under the simple title *America, My Country*. Its theme is summed up, with a laconic eloquence, by Newton Drury, head of the National Parks System: "Men will gladly die for their country. There devolves upon us a singular obligation to preserve a country worth dying for."

## II

Nature is very slow. Earth rhythms are very long. But it does not do to be forgetful of them. Perhaps there seemed something a little absurd, a little irrelevant, about those preoccupied and distantly contemplative men of the Geological Survey who, in the year 1873, while Black Friday terrified the nation and the names of Gould and Fisk enlisted all public attention, persisted in reiterating a single (and, as it must have seemed, peculiarly remote and unexciting) theme: "The high plains of the West are unsafe for agriculture; for no mere

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momentary profit must they be broken by the plow."

No heed, in the tumultuous panic time of 1873, was paid to those far-peering studiers of earth. Nor were their words remembered forty-odd years later, when we were in a great war which absorbed public attention far more intensely than the Panic of 1873, and when in eagerness to produce wheat at forced schedule, we attacked the thousand-year-old sod of the high plains with mammoth tractors and countless mechanized plows. The words of a few far-looking men, whose fingers had been upon the earth pulse and had rightly read it, were not then remembered. But they are remembered now. They were remembered six years ago, when half a billion dollars worth of crops burned up in drought and more than a thousand people died of the dust and the heat. They will be remembered for a long time, for the worth of their warning has a monument: desert, by the million acres.

It has been possible for us to be reckless with the natural bounty of America, for it was one of the richest lands in all the earth before we came here and we have not been here very long. The turning of a few million acres of buffalo-grassed plains into desert . . . the careless burning of two or three thousand acres of forest every year . . . the eroding here and there of the denuded soil into gullies a hundred feet in depth . . . these things, it has seemed, were of no great and grave consequence in a land of such colossal plenty, and in a world where there are always dozens of other issues more pressing and immediate. Earth is slow to wound. A rich land does not quickly sicken and decay. But slowly, slowly, now at last, we are seeing the long-term consequences of those policies which, as long ago as 1797, George Washington called our "mangling and ruining" of the land.

The passenger pigeons are gone now from our sky. The upland plover and the white egret are precariously close to vanishing forever. The sea-mink and the fisher are gone from their old places, the marten is not readily to be found among the high branches of the mountain ash, and only in a very few of its old haunts may a man now hear the stirring scream of the bird that is the country's emblem: the bald eagle. One by one, harried and driven and over-hunted, the wild creatures of the American earth that Audubon knew slip into oblivion. More obviously, more dramatically, the trees go, the waters go, the soil goes. There were nine hundred million acres of

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forest, once, upon this land; now there are less than two hundred million acres of saw timber. A hundred million acres have been so ravaged and assaulted that never again, unless by a planned and systematic replanting, can they be made productive. The erosion gullies are deep now, in Virginia, in Mississippi; the supply of lumber is suddenly — now when we find ourselves caught in wartime emergency — immensely smaller than we had thought.

An engineer, David Cushman Coyle, examines the situation and writes grim findings: "In a year CCC boys have planted a third of a million acres. There are eighty million acres of land that ought to be replanted." And as with the trees — and as with the birds and the beasts and the rich primal America known to our forefathers — so also with the soil itself. Year by year it blows away, washes away, erodes away. With the going of the swamplands that caught and held the moisture for it, the going of the trees whose roots were the tissue of its maintenance, the soil of America slides to the sea. Its going makes a statistic so huge as to be hardly comprehensible: the loss, in every year, of three billion fecund and irreplaceable tons.

The struggle to ensure America's destiny, it is daily emphasized, must be "total." And so it must. And to look beyond the immediate instant, into the long view, is to realize that at the very core of that totality, quintessential in its being, is physical America: the land, the beds of coal and pools of oil beneath the land, the humus that layers it and makes it a garden, the animals that are its aboriginal populace and the birds that are its wild music.

The conservation of America is not alone an aesthetic issue, though it must be an unseeing man who does not realize how much is meant to us by the beauty of our wild flowers, our forests, our mountains, our unpolluted rivers. Conservation is not alone a spiritual issue, though our Algonkian predecessors were indulging in no mere savage mysticism when they insisted that, unless a people can renew itself in the mighty life of nature, something in its spirit sickens and weakens and is lost. Conservation is also practical. It means also dollars and cents. It can mean also life or death. Unremittingly does it devolve upon us, through whatever other struggles, to hold steadfast in devotion to what is in truth our country's heart: our native land.

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# THE LIBRARY

By Max Eastman

*John Steinbeck — Genevieve Tabouis*

John Steinbeck is always a histrionic writer. He "puts on" novels, even when he is not avowedly writing them with an eye on the stage. He does not make events really happen — or rather he is always there making them happen. (They frequently happen in a big way, I must add, and it is no unpardonable sin to be histrionic.) His characters also are apt to be exaggerated comments on life rather than living people. The *paisanos* of Tortilla Flat were accurately described by Edmund Wilson as "cunning little living dolls that amuse us like pet guinea pigs or rabbits" and some of his more grandiose characters could well be brought in on floats.

This makes somewhat surprising his very special effort to individualize the German commanding officer who invades a Northern village in *The Moon Is Down.*[1] This is no grand opera Nazi, no exaggerated type, and no type at all, but a rather unusual individual, an engineer by profession, a soldier by force of circumstance, almost morbidly troubled by the jobs he has to carry out under Hitler. His character sets the pace for the troops under him and the whole drama of their conquest and domination of the village is almost pastoral in tone.

The reaction of the local peasantry, too, is unbelievably mild. They again are cunning little dolls for the most part, and dolls which can do things no creature of flesh and blood would do. The consequence is a kind of comic opera invasion — or something between that and a miracle play. And the play has a very happy ending, for the Nazis are plainly on the run, or in the jitters, by the time the peasants get through hoodwinking them.

Steinbeck has been vigorously attacked for his failure to appraise the enemy at his full size and foul color. He has also been vigorously defended. James Thurber took a crack at him in the *New Republic* and was replied to by Marshall Best, who described Thurber's re-

[1] *Viking.* $2.



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view as "a slap in the face for all the decent people who have been moved by the book's shining sincerity." Thurber replied, among other things: "I am sorry about that slap in the face. I didn't realize my hand was open."

I suppose it is necessary for everybody to have an opinion on this issue. Mine is that Steinbeck has not vividly realized anything at all in his book, from the invading Nazi hordes and the recoiling peasants to the snow on the window pane. He seems, like Ernest Hemingway, to be able to image only what he has seen. A drama in which an invading Nazi officer hated his bloody job and carried it through with qualms and gusts of heartsick recollection could be a fine thing. That might, indeed, be a way to make the job seem most horrible. But it would have to be a real drama. The officer would have to be real, and so would the job. The invaded people would have to behave the way human beings behave. The chapters of the tragedy would have to find some less posey and poetic way of ending than with the mayor mumbling a refrain about "The sweet cool smell of the snow." *Inadequate* is the word with which the whole thing can best be described.

Steinbeck created a magnificent tale or pageant in *Grapes of Wrath* — histrionic, too, but heroic and heartbreaking. He will surely create others; he has not gone down for good. But in this little book, he has attempted something he is unable to do, and exposed all his weaknesses at their worst. He has exposed his weakness of staginess almost with bravado, it seems to me, for his story is very little more than a dialogue with stage directions. The publishers try to make this sound like an interesting experiment — "writing a short novel having the time and place disciplines of the stage." I think "selling a play in the guise of a novel before putting it on the stage" would be a more accurate description. As a literary experiment, it succeeds only in making the reader feel twice removed, where once is too many, from the immediate experience of events.

Another weakness of Steinbeck that seems to be growing on him is the disposition to imitate Ernest Hemingway's great trick of simultaneously suggesting baby-talk and the Bible by overplaying the compound sentence.

"The door opened quietly and Captain Loft came in and there was snow on his helmet and snow on his shoulders."

In this example — which is a

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very mild one — the word "and" is used three times, and each time with a different meaning. The trick consists in ignoring these differences, and thus giving the effect of a naïvely robust mind, or of reality itself, pouring right across the barriers of language. It grows wearisome with repetition because the real business of a mind is to make distinctions, not ignore them.

## II

Madame Genevieve Tabouis, the French journalist, has published her memoirs in a volume entitled *They Called Me Cassandra*[2] — or in other words, "I Told You So." As a niece of the distinguished French diplomat, Jules Cambon, this lively-minded woman began her career with an entree where angels would pay to tread. She made such audaciously candid, and yet not irresponsible, use of it, that she soon became a recognized force in French politics.

On several occasions — notably the infamous Hoare-Laval agreement to sell out Ethiopia — her advance exposure of the plans of those in power may well have affected the course of history. And she sat in on, or sat mighty close to, many of the most portentous meetings and events in Europe's last two decades of history. Her personal portraits and inside anecdotes of the men who played roles of pretended leadership in this "process of deterioration" make exciting, if sad, reading — one finds stupidity, weakness, bewilderment or betrayal in every leader upon whom France as a republic might be tempted to rest a hope. Circumstance was against France, too, and luck was against her, and the twin monsters, communism and the fear of communism, drove her with the fatality of a nightmare into the false refuge of faith in Hitler, appeasement, defeat, surrender of civilization to the barbarians.

I like Genevieve Tabouis better than I expected to when I took up the book. I have more trust in her now than her reputation previously inspired in me. But I must confess that my trust is not complete. When she describes the German diplomat, von Papen, as coming out on a springboard in a tight-fitting blue bathing suit and doing a triple somersault into the water, I feel morally certain only that von Papen can do the one-and-a-half dive. And it may seem to the reader that one-and-a-half to three is a very fair average rate of faith in the assertions of a sensational journalist.

[2] *Scribner's*. $3.

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Tabouis, however, is or purports to be a very special and almost celestial kind of journalist. She professes to make her sensations by means of truth-telling in its most candid, unabashed, exact and complete form. Her proposal to tell the truth, recklessly and from the inside, about international politics, secured her a job. Her telling it was impressive enough to provide her, in the course of time, with private news sources of inestimable value, high up in several different governments. She became a kind of internationally recognized bureau of inside information. Even Hitler screamed against her in one of his speeches as "that wonderful woman, Genevieve Tabouis, who knows what I am going to do before I do."

But there is one whole field of information, absolutely vital to the understanding of current history, in which Genevieve Tabouis has functioned as considerably less than a truth-teller. She has functioned as a hush-hush artist of the most assiduous variety. About the development of totalitarian rule in Soviet Russia, she not only dug up no inside information, but she dug holes to bury information that was accessible to every alert mind. The present book is full of these carefully concealed burial places. The Soviet Embassy undoubtedly was one of her chief sources of secret information — though not by any means the only one. It is evident that she fixed her eye on the "party line," straying from it *just enough* — it is a trick the fellow-travelers quickly learn — to keep up the appearance, so useful to the party, of a completely independent liberal, happening through sheer exercise of good judgment to conform to all its vital turns.

Her motive in this, I feel convinced, or the motive that led her into it, was an elevated one. She decided, on grounds that were plausible and sincerely thought out, that the salvation of France lay in a combination with Stalin against Hitler. She fought for that policy both as a French patriot and as one who believed, "and still believes," in the democratic system of government. But she thought, and still thinks, that this policy seals her lips as to the total stamping out of democracy in Russia, the deviousness of Soviet foreign policy, and the danger to the democratic way of life contained in the communist infiltration. The same line of thought has produced an atmosphere in our own country so paradoxical that Roosevelt may be criticized as a dictator — but not Stalin.

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She is careful to explain the folly of those who call her a "communist" and she takes pains to report a little opposition gossip about conditions of espionage that she heard at a reception in Moscow. But she managed to live through the years of the Great Purge, with which Stalin consolidated his dictatorship and blotted out the last vestige of the hope of democracy in Russia, without — so far, at least, as this book testifies — once turning her attention to it. She still speaks of the Axis enemy as "the dictators." She makes crucial use of the term "Leftist," which dexterously ignores the distinction between those on the Left who believe in democracy and those who believe in totalitarian gang rule. And she speaks with offhand scorn of those who are "afraid of the spectre of communism."

In short, Tabouis has been "softened up" by the communist propaganda to a point where she makes, by dexterous silences and agreements to look the other way, a vital contribution to the very process of deterioration which she is describing and deploring.

When Hitler, after crushing Poland, undertook to frighten France and England into ending the war with news that, in case they continued, he would "bolshevize" Germany, it was those whom Tabouis calls traitors who spread this scare among the French upper classes; they were manipulated by Goebbels and Abetz. But it was Tabouis herself, undoubtedly manipulated by her close-to-the-Soviets informers during that Stalin-Hitler honeymoon, who spread the same news among the masses. She gave it out in her famous newspaper column as absolutely inside reliable fact that, if England and France continued the war, Germany would go communist with a bang. And that is only one sample of how, during this period of communist defeatism in her native land, she made her high-minded contribution to the tragedy.

Genevieve Tabouis learned no lesson from this episode — and she does not even mention it. Her book is a success story, the story of a "wonderful woman" whom they called Cassandra because she was a remorseless truth-teller, and yet more wonderful because the truth she told invariably turned out to be true.

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# THE CHECK LIST

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER, by Major Alexander P. de Seversky. $2.50. *Simon & Schuster.* The main thesis of this book is fairly familiar to readers of the AMERICAN MERCURY. It was presented to them by the author in a series of articles, beginning with "Hard Facts on Air Power" in the issue of August 1940. This, however, certainly does not exempt them from the obligation to read the book as defined by Walter Lippman: "No one can afford henceforth to believe he is thinking about the war if he has not read carefully, and opened his mind fully to, what Major de Seversky has to say." In its detailed presentation of the air-power problem, the book has a force and an urgency which articles in the nature of the case could not convey. MERCURY readers are merely better prepared to get the most out of the volume.

This does not mean that all of the Major's ideas — or all the facts he cites — are necessarily true. He pleads for a cause with which he is emotionally fused, so that fact and feeling tend to run into one another. The writing is sometimes repetitious. Already, of course, the proofreading kind of "critic" has spotted some discrepancies. But all that is far beside the point. The book must be judged on its general purport. Whether the perspectives are precisely as Seversky describes them is not important — what's important is that he does open up new perspectives.

The book has "caught on." It has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and has become a national best seller. It can be counted on to force great numbers of Americans to think more boldly in a new direction, in a new military dimension.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE, by Franz Werfel. $3.00. *Viking.* The "miracle" of Lourdes, which stirred France in 1858, has been recreated by Werfel in a novel that glows with a steady inner light. One does not need to share the Catholic faith in the actuality of the extraordinary events to respond to the steadfastness and unpretentious faith of the young Bernadette who lives in this book. The great German novelist, now an exile from his homeland, has wrought a symbol of spiritual values for our materialist times.

OLD MCDONALD HAD A FARM, by Angus McDonald. $2.75. *Houghton Mifflin.* Old McDonald, or "the old man," as he always calls him, was the author's father, who long after middle life struggled with a stony farm in Oklahoma for ten years and finally made it pay. The son describes him and his struggles in powerfully moving chapters, written with the overwhelming force of honesty and utterly devoid of the writer's cheap tricks and devices. The old man preached the Word and hated movies, arguing women, automobiles, cotton farming, and the Republican Party, but he loved his wife as a tree loves the soil, and he loved his children only a little more than he loved the wonderful things that come from the earth. There are excellent illustrations by Richard Bartlett.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD, by Herbert Asbury. $3.50. *Knopf.* An informal, yet fairly documented, history of the Pennsylvania oil fields from 1859, when the first drilled oil well was sunk in the northwestern part of the state, to the rise of the Standard Oil. Mr. Asbury has a sharp eye for the colorful and he is a capable research man, but his sentences, in this book as in his first, still run along monotonously. There are several illustrations and a selected bibliography.



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AMERICA IN THE NEW PACIFIC, by George E. Taylor. $1.75. *Macmillan.* Mr. Taylor, an associate of the Institute of Pacific Relations and a former correspondent in China of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman*, looks upon the present war between Japan and the United States as largely an ideological war between the slave imperialism of Tokyo and the democratic ideas of the West. "The liberation and modernization of Asia is essential to the continuation of democratic institutions in America." There are two end-paper maps.

TOTAL VICTORY, by Stephen King-Hall. $2.00. *Harcourt, Brace.* Mr. King-Hall is the same who conducted the one-man letter campaign against Germany early in 1939 to the vast discomfiture of Dr. Goebbels. In his present book, he argues for a psychological offensive against the Axis as the sure road to final and total victory, "in which the enemy has been brought to a willing acceptance of our point of view about the question at issue." The basic idea and a great many of the details are not new, but they bear repeating. There are several valuable appendices.

OUR ENEMY JAPAN, by Wilfried Fleisher. $2.00. *Doubleday, Doran.* An amazingly compact guide to the recent history of Japan, and to its economic, military, and naval strength, by the former editor of the *Japan Advertiser* and Tokyo correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune.* Mr. Fleisher thinks that "Japan's economic position is the weakest point in her armor."

VANISHING EDEN, by Martin Birnbaum. $5.00. *William E. Rudge's Sons.* Charming record of leisurely travel through the South Seas, Bali, portions of Africa and Central America. The author, a famous art expert, has a deep and understanding relish for life. Though his wanderings are of the recent past, there is a far-off nostalgic quality about them, the reader being aware that the "Eden" he describes is now a bloody garden of death. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated with dozens of the author's own photographs.

WAR AND PEACE, by Leo Tolstoy. (Inner Sanctum Edition) $3.00. *Simon and Schuster.* Here is the greatest novel of them all in an editorial and typographical setting designed to make this edition indispensable to the common reader. The unabridged text is the translation of Louise and Aylmer Maude, probably the best rendition in English; there is a translators' preface, an introduction by Clifton Fadiman, both of Tolstoy's own epilogues and his own supplementary section, maps in the body of the book and on the end papers, a supplemental leaflet called "A Reader's Guide and Bookmark" containing a full list of characters, detailed identifications and numerous notes and tables, and — well, the list of its virtues is endless. It is, in every way, a masterful job.

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD, edited by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt. $4.00. *Macmillan.* Sixteen scholars, prominent in the fields of sociology, history, economics, political science and psychology, discuss the problem of anti-Semitism. Most of them have little to say that has not been said before, and much more effectively, but three of the essays are truly excellent: "The Jews of Buna," by Leonard Bloom; "The Socioeconomic Structure of an American Jewish Community" (Stamford, Conn.), by Samuel Koenig; and "Anti-Semitism — Product of Economic Myths," by Miriam Beard. The last shows how absurd is the notion that the Jew is "by nature" a businessman, while the first two describe objectively and in great detail what being a Jew means in two typical American communities.

RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC FRONT, An Appraisal of the Three Five-Year Plans, by A. Yugow. $3.00. *Harper.* The author is a refugee from Soviet Russia and hence by definition non-communist. He approaches his study in a thoroughly scientific spirit. His conclusions are that collectivist economy has made notable achievements. But his book could not conceivably be published inside Russia, since he does not spare the régime's feelings in re-

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cording its brutal police methods of obtaining economic results.

THE FOUNDATIONS AND THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, by P. H. Winfield. $1.25. *Macmillan.* A popular outline of the basic articles of international law, by a professor of English law at Cambridge University. Dr. Winfield says that many of these articles are still being observed by both the Allied nations and the Axis. By and large, he thinks, international law "has made steady progress since its foundation."

PRISONERS OF HOPE, by Howard L. Brooks. $2.75. *L. B. Fischer.* In 1941, Mr. Brooks spent several months in Unoccupied France as a representative of the Unitarian Service Committee and here he relates his impressions. He shows how the people progressed from spineless apathy to passive resistance to active assistance to the Allied cause. He does not confine himself to generalities, but gives numerous specific instances culled from his personal experience. His book is published in collaboration with the Free World Movement.

THE PRIVATE READER, by Mark Van Doren. $2.75. *Holt.* A selection of articles and reviews by the author over the past twenty years. The pieces bear up remarkably well, and in fact, include some of the best criticism of our time. Mr. Van Doren writes a clear and incisive prose, taking care that every word serves a purpose, and his knowledge and taste are mature in the best sense. It is very likely that his criticism will be remembered long after his poems (which always smell of a well-upholstered cafeteria) are forgotten.

THE NEEDLE TRADES, by Joel Seidman. $2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart.* Dr. Seidman, who formerly taught at Brookwood Labor College, here presents the most complete history of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers that has yet appeared in print. He treats of them not only as a force in labor but as a cultural influence among their members and in other unions. There are an extensive bibliography, several useful appendices, and a detailed index.

MYSTERY SHIP: The *Mary Celeste* in Fancy and in Fact, by George S. Bryan. $3.00. *Lippincott.* The complete and authoritatively documented account of one of the great mysteries of the sea. The *Mary Celeste* was found abandoned three hundred miles off the coast of Portugal with the galley fire still warm, food on the stove, and everything in its place. This author's attempt at the solution of the problem seems to be the best yet and makes a fascinating chronicle for all nautical lovers.

TIME AND THE PHYSICIAN, by Lewellys F. Barker. $3.50. *Putnam.* The autobiography of the successor of Osler as head of the Department of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Barker has a high reputation in the field of internal medicine, and while he is not the philosopher or the writer that some of his colleagues have been, he has much to say of value about his profession and life in general. Most of his book will interest doctors rather than lay people, though the last chapter, "No Chloroform At Sixty," which deals with the ills and pleasures of old age, will appeal to all people past fifty, whose proportion to the national population is rapidly increasing.

THE 6TH COLUMN. $2.50. *Alliance.* Exiled leaders of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Yugoslavia and Greece here tell of the magnificent anti-Nazi work done by their subjected countrymen. Several revealing smuggled letters are reprinted.

THE COMING SHOWDOWN, by Carl Dreher. $3.00. *Little, Brown.* An analysis of the inadequacy of the present economic system as a tool for general social betterment, by a former radio engineer who has had intimate contact with the business world.

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# THE OPEN FORUM

## IN DEFENSE OF LISBON

SIR: Mr. Solon, in his recent MERCURY article on Lisbon (*Lisbon: City of Vice and Intrigue*, January 1942) gives an unfortunate picture of the Portuguese capital. Lisbon is really not quite as vicious as Mr. Solon would lead us to believe.

Gambling is permitted in several tourist zones in Lisbon, but to my knowledge, there are no gambling casinos in Lisbon, and betting on horses and other athletic contests is practically unknown. The author's remarks on sex are superficial. Although sex may be much more "gay and enchanting" in the United States, I hardly think that the Portuguese can be accused of being morbidly sexual. The inference that Portuguese women do not appear at the beaches is ridiculous. Extreme bathing suits are, it is true, frowned upon by both men and women. The Portuguese do not ape the Germans in their love of uniforms. The disease is quite native to the country.

The Portuguese temperament is rather somber and melancholy. But as to the lack of "free laughter" in the theaters, this problem is complicated by the fact that most jokes are imperfectly translated from the English. Mr. Solon is wrong in affirming that Portugal shows no signs of national rejuvenation. Most travelers agree that Lisbon is a progressive city, and one who knows Portugal knows that the whole country has made progress since 1926.

I agree with Mr. Solon that the war has led to the world's rediscovery of Portugal. I am, however, sorry that Mr. Solon could not have given MERCURY readers a more accurate picture of the conditions he discovered on his visit there.

EMMANUEL VAN DER HAGH

*Washington, D.C.*

SIR: I want to congratulate you on acquiring S. L. Solon's article on "Lisbon." . . . Mr. Solon seems to possess in high degree those prerequisites of the fine journalist, an awareness of things pertinent and a style that has great vitality. This is by far the most interesting contemporary article I have read.

(*Mrs.*) GEORGENE VAN ALSTYNE

*New Rochelle,*
*New York.*

## KROCK APPROVES

SIR: I have read the letter you received from a soldier denouncing the policy of withholding publication of our full casualty lists. I believe that this soldier expresses the overwhelming opinion of the whole country, and understands the strength and courage of the American spirit far better than his Government does.

ARTHUR KROCK

*Washington, D. C.*

## SEX IN THE ARMY

SIR: Now, since the ladies of San Diego have asked for the reestablishment of the red light district, let me suggest that we all declare a moratorium upon sexual pleasure for the duration. Since we are requiring total abstinence for the military, why not put it in effect for the country — Parran, Vonderlehr and all. No cheating now! Court martial if you do.

IRA D. CARDIFF

*Yakima,*
*Washington.*

## ON SEVERSKY

SIR: I have read with pleasure and interest articles in the AMERICAN MERCURY by Major de Seversky and hope you will publish more of them. He is perhaps the best informed



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man in the United States on questions of air strategy and tactics, and of military airplane design.

May I also take this opportunity of saying that he should, in my opinion, be called to act in an advisory capacity to our air forces. It is a ridiculous waste of ability not to call on his knowledge and vision.

ALEXANDER KLEMIN

(*Professor of Aeronautical Engineering, Daniel Guggenheim School of Engineering.*)
*New York City.*

## DREXEL BIDDLE CORRECTED

SIR: Referring to your article in your May 1942 issue entitled, "Biddle — Praying Colonel of the Marines," and reproduced in the May 1942 issue of Reader's Digest.

I notice one paragraph states that "Biddle also told . . . about the famous Colonel Bowie, who on his deathbed was attacked by Indians with tomahawks. Bowie reached under the pillow for his knife and killed seven of the Indians before he was overcome."

As a matter of record, would like to correct this statement by saying that any reference to Texas History, or record of the Alamo or life of Col. Bowie will show that he was killed in the historic battle of the Alamo at San Antonio, Texas, in the Texas revolution against Mexico. History says that 180 Texans for eleven days resisted a Mexican besieging force of nearly four thousand men with several cannon — headquarters of Gen. Santa Ana of Mexico were at the San Fernando Cathedral, what is now several blocks from the Alamo. The Alamo fell, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, on Sunday morning, March 6th, 1836. Six people who were in the fort at the beginning of the battle were spared by the Mexicans — three women, two children, and a negro boy — but not a single soldier. Among those killed were the frontiersmen, David Crockett, and Col. James Bowie, from whom the bowie knife was named.

They were under the leadership of William Travis, and tradition has it that with his sword he drew a line in the floor of the Alamo and said that all who would stand and fight to the end with him should cross the line — to a man they crossed it and Col. Bowie, who had been wounded during the battle of the Alamo, was carried across on his cot. When the Mexicans entered the Alamo, after the close of the battle and the end of what was a massacre of the Texans, Col. Bowie was found still lying on his cot, but covered with dead Mexicans whom he had killed.

The battle of the Alamo, known as the "Thermopylae of America" ("Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none") is thrilling history to every Texan.

MRS. J. S. BELVIN

*Brownwood,*
*Texas.*

## FAITH NEEDED

SIR: What Mr. Huie has to say in his article "The New Army Hates Parades" is both frightening and startling. The condition he presents is a challenge to all of us.

We must do something to right the great wrongs done to our young men by the cynical writers who flourished during the Debunking Era. We must help them to find faith and to believe in the force that is stronger than intelligence. A man's brain is less dependable than his heart. There is nothing weak about emotion, and I believe we shall have to return to emotionalism before we can fight this war as it should be fought.

Surely men are still stirred by patriotism! By the privilege to do great deeds and to risk their lives for something as great as our country and our way of life!

I think our greatest enemy is cynicism. I think our churches must lead this fight on cynicism. We must get back to believing in divine power, and into respecting what we feel in our hearts.

Living by the brain alone is a cold process. I hope young Americans can "warm up inside" during this war and learn again that the heart and the surge of emotion are just as necessary as the brain to the better life.

ANTON KOPECK

*Chicago,*
*Illinois.*

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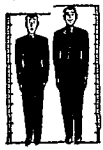

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# THE CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN'S (*Male Choru* recent book of poems, *There Will Be Bre and Love* (Macmillan), was given an enthu astic reception by the critics.

GEORGE CREEL (*Wanted: Opposition*) is a m who knows about the value of oppositic from stormy experience. As chairman President Wilson's Committee of Public I formation in 1917 and 1918, he was e trusted with the government's publicity po icy and became a target for extreme abu and extreme praise.

GEORGE W. HERALD (*Sex Is a Nazi W* is a former staff member of *Le Petit Parisi* He was in the French Army until it was d mobilized, and came to this country late 1941. Herald was in London often on speci assignments.

HELENA KUO (*American Women Are Diff ent*) is a young Chinese girl who has forsake tradition for the progress of New Chin After newspaper experience in Shanghai an London, she came to New York, where sh wrote her just-published autobiography, *I' Come a Long Way.*

ERNEST L. MEYER (*Bucket Boy*), newspape man and author, wrote a daily column in th New York *Post* until the end of 1940.

ALLAN A. MICHIE (*Many Indias*), writer fo *Life* and *Time*, was one of the first war cor respondents to reach Hawaii after Pearl Har bor. He recently completed an eight month tour of the Middle and Far East.

RICHARD SULLIVAN (*The Sharers*), teache English at Notre Dame. He has contributec to many magazines and his first novel, *Sum mer After Summer*, will be published soon by Doubleday, Doran.



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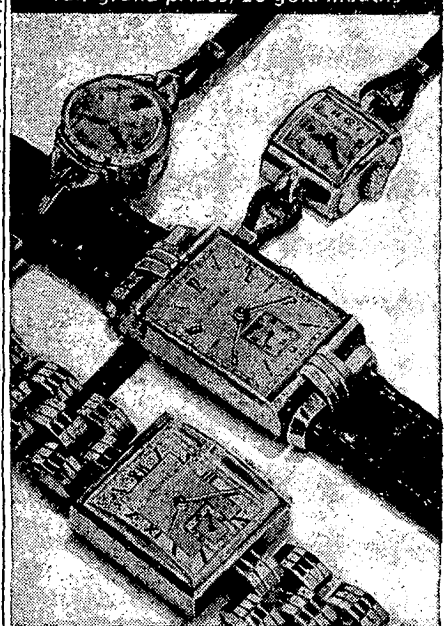

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